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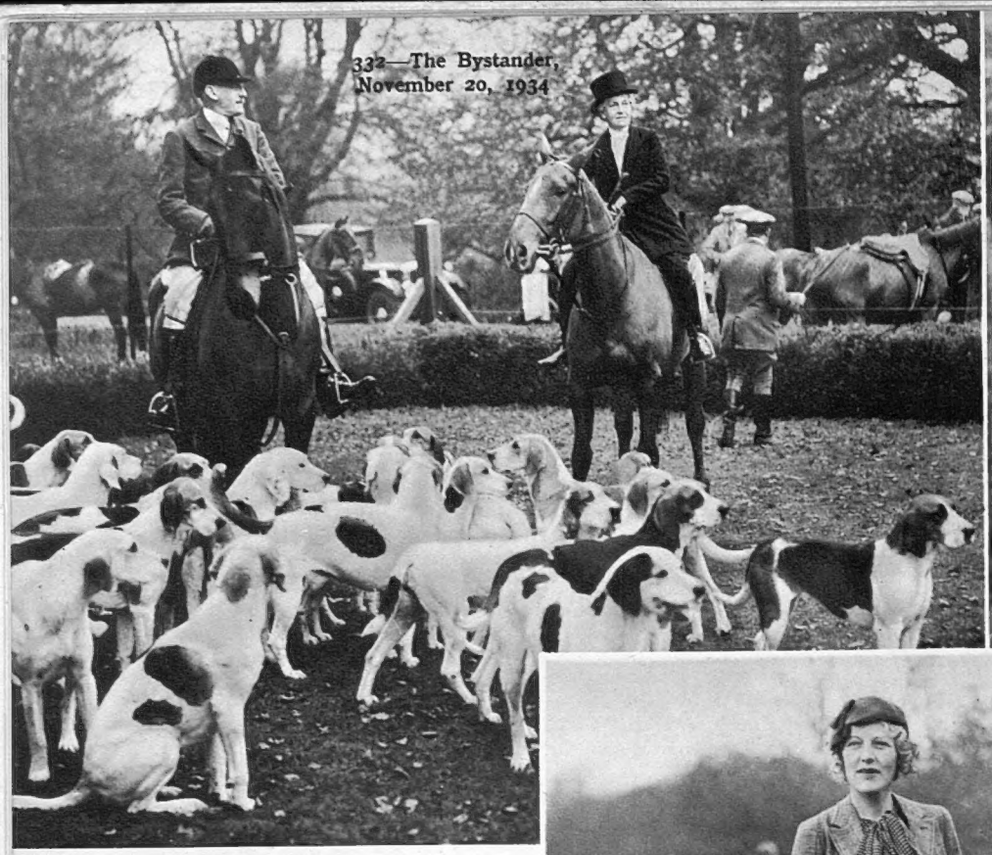
The Bystander, November 20, 1934

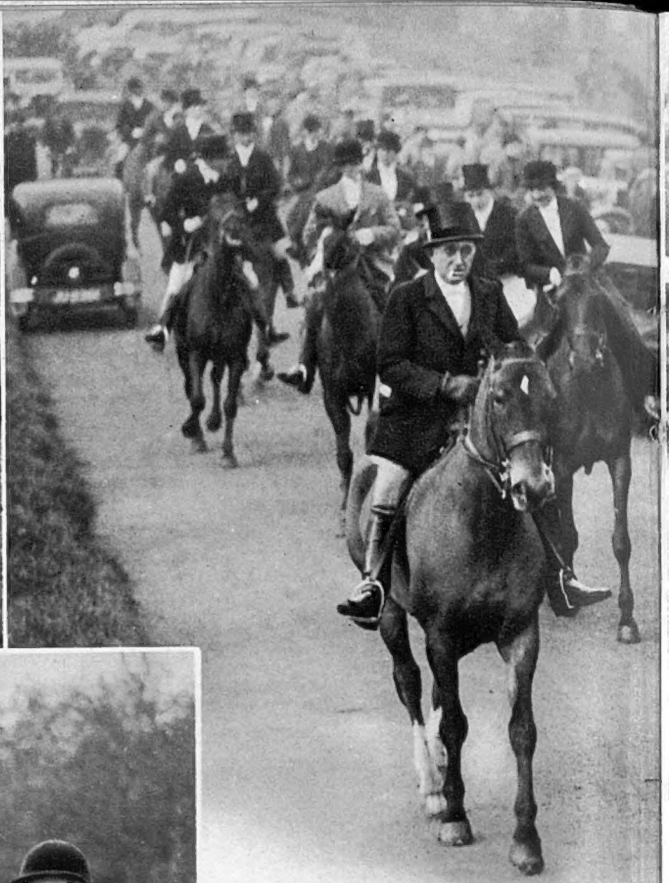
The BYSTANDER

No. 1614. Vol. CXXIV.

Miriam Hopkins

Miriam Hopkins is the heroine of the new film at the Plaza, "The Richest Girl in the World." She's afraid of being married for her money, so changes places with her secretary (Fay Wray), to test out the young man she fancies (Joel McCrea). The young man just doesn't fall into the trap, and the ending is happy, as convention demands. Miriam Hopkins is one of the most attractive of Hollywood's blondes, and has a nice sense of humour





Forest Hunting with the Tedworth Woodland

Above: Mr. W. J. Yorke-Scarlett and Lady Yarrow, two of the four Joint-Masters of the Tedworth Woodland, at the opening meet at High Trees, Lord Cardigan's place in Savernake Forest

The Quorn opening meet at Kirby Gate brought out a big field, a big crowd of spectators, and a vast number of motor-cars, not a few of which trailed around for half the day to see the fun. Two foxes were killed during the day, one in the open after a good forty minutes' run

Below:

The Belvoir Opening Meet at Croxton Park

The Belvoir met for the first time this season at Croxton Park, on the Leicestershire side. The Hon. Edward Greenall has joined Colonel George Colman in the Mastership this season

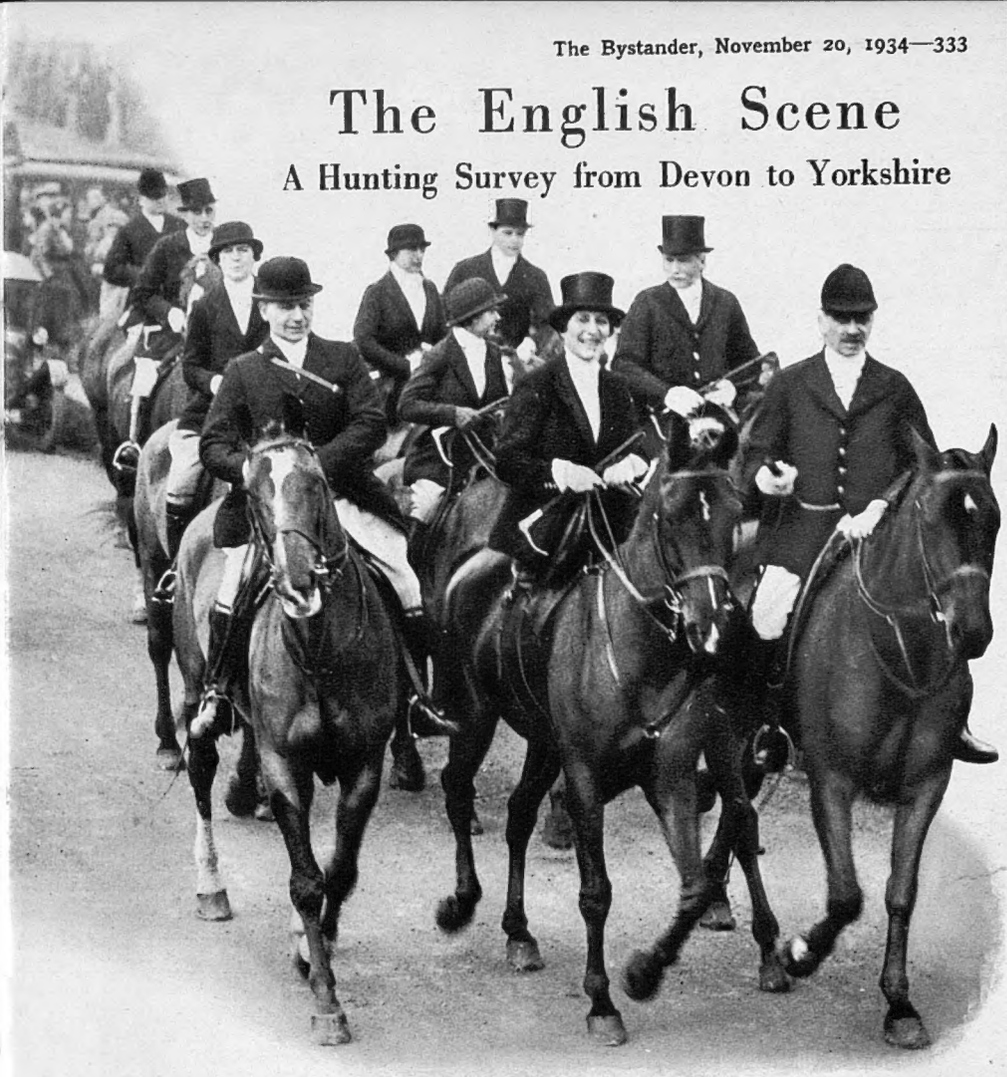
Left:

Lady Furness and Her Children

Lady Furness and her two children, Caryll and Patricia Cavendish, came over from Burrough Court to the Quorn opening meet

The English Scene

A Hunting Survey from Devon to Yorkshire



The Quorn Field Passes the Car Park

The Fitzwilliam Meet at the Haycock

Lady Burghley talking to Miss Drummond outside the Haycock, the four-hundred-year-old inn at Wansford, near Peterborough, where the Fitzwilliam met last week. Lord Burghley is M.P. for the Peterborough Division of Northants

The Derwent Start the Season with a New Master

Above: Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, Lady Fitzwilliam and Lady Milton, in a check coat, at the opening meet of the Derwent at Snainton Kennels. Lord Milton, Lord Fitzwilliam's son, has taken on the Derwent and is hunting them from Malton

Right: Commander C. A. Davey, Master of the Dartmoor since 1919, moving off with hounds along an avenue of pampas grass, after the opening meet at Ivybridge

JOHN GIELGUD AS HAMLET: JESSICA TANDY AS OPHELIA

Hamlet—the Prince of Denmark as played by John Gielgud, and the play as produced by the same brilliant young man—is the most important theatrical event for many months. The critics are unanimous in their declarations that this is a great performance, perhaps one of the greatest in English stage history. Jessica Tandy, as Ophelia, is another member of the fine cast, which includes Frank Vosper as the King, Laura Cowie as the Queen, and, particularly good, George Howe as Polonius. The dresses and décor at the New Theatre are by Motley, whose work for this play is as lovely as it was for "Richard of Bordeaux"

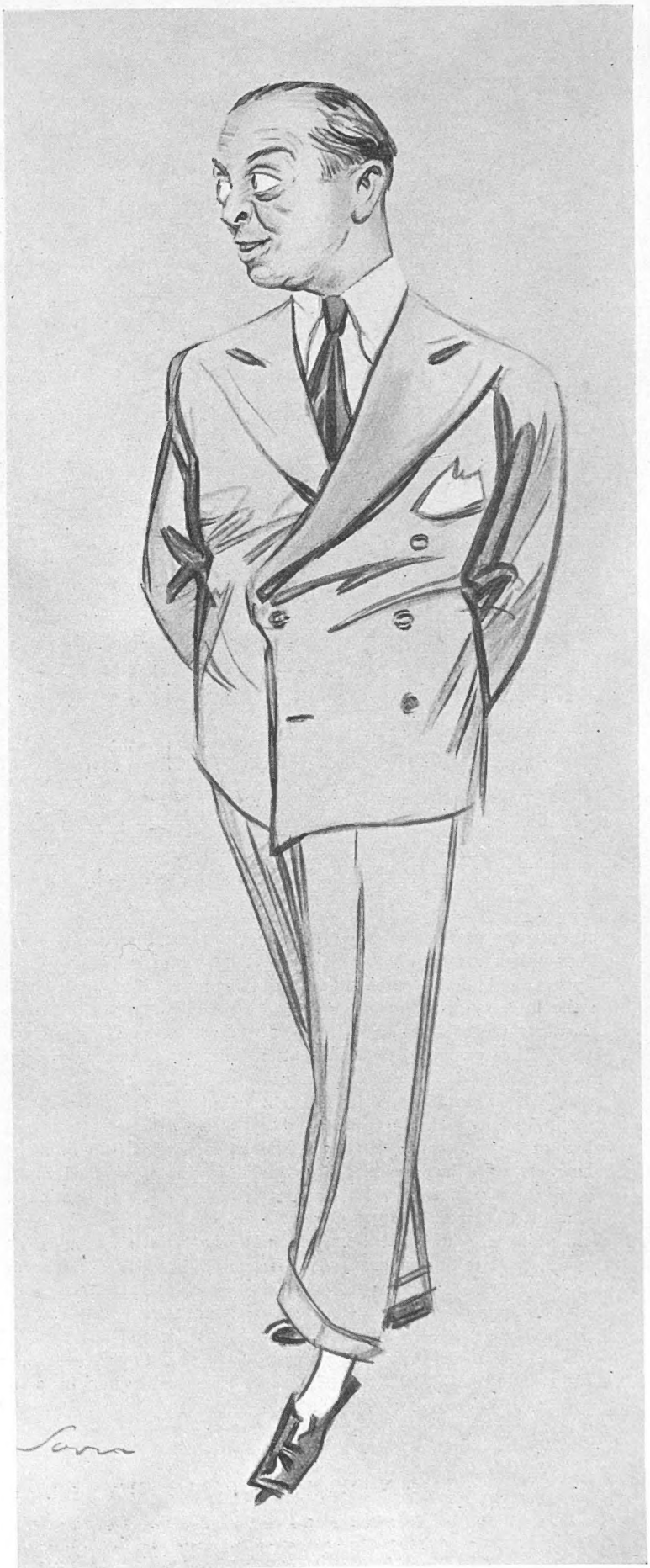
CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 77

Leslie Henson

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra



THE world owes a great debt, without knowing it, to an unknown butcher's boy. It was he who persuaded Leslie Henson to go on the stage. At that time Leslie was in one of his mother's shops in the Walworth Road. He had previously been sent, after his education at Emanuel School, Wandsworth Common, to the parental slaughter-houses in Dundee. But he fainted three times the first day at the sight of all the blood, and after six months was brought south again to learn the retail side of it. The butcher's boy was an amateur tap-dancer, and every day, leaning his body on the high, old-fashioned counter, Leslie (who was known as "Trouty" at school) used to try his routine when nobody was listening. At last he persuaded his mother to send him to Cairns James's Academy in Oxford Street, with Robertson Hare as a fellow-pupil.

Here he did all the tragic and other rôles in Shakespeare with such success that, after a year, they told him they could teach him no more. Then Leslie, who always had his famously husky voice, solemnly applied for a job as a pianist in a concert party at Swansea, although the only tune he knew was "Oh, Those Christmas Bells!" which he did with a monologue.

IT is pleasant to recall that "Gussie" Burney, the man who gave him his job, is now Leslie's secretary, and lives with the family in St. John's Wood. Actually, Leslie got in on his face and not on his piano-playing. Later, the leading man fell sick and Leslie was given a contract for three pounds a week for the next five summers, first appearing at the Pavilion Pier, Penarth. Next, "Douggie" Furber saw him on a pier in the north, reported to Grossmith and Laurillard, got him an audition, with the result that, after playing in America, he opened at the Gaiety in *To-night's the Night* at fifty pounds a week. Within a week he was persuaded to sign a ten-year contract with a series of rises taking him to three hundred pounds a week. Just after he opened in *Yes, Uncle*, however, he joined the Royal Flying Corps as an air mechanic, ultimately becoming a lieutenant.

TO-DAY, Leslie Henson only eats his food when it is stone cold, has no sense of time, except for the theatre, is fantastically modest, with an overpowering gift for admiring other actors, goes through agonies every night before he comes on the stage, is deadly serious about his golf and the theme of virtue triumphant. He has no card-sense, though sometimes he will play "hearts." He has driven a car ever since he was seventeen, and adores going to see other shows, where he will cry at the drop of a hat. He has an amazing memory, never owes a penny, and reads one book a year, alternately Robert Benchley and H. G. Wells—altogether a very good, earnest citizen, with a charming wife, and not an atom of frivolity in his make-up.

At the Top of the World: Before a Competition at Mürren

THEIR NATIVE HEATH . . .

Popular Rendezvous and their Patrons

No. 21. Switzerland

By Charles Graves *Sketches by John Reynolds*

AN entirely new aristocracy of the snow has arisen in the past few years. And by that I do not mean the late King of the Belgians and the Dowager Queen, Prince Nicolas of Rumania, the ex-King of Spain, the Crown Princess of Italy, nor the Infanta Beatrice, who regularly go to Mürren. Nor, again, am I referring to the many grandees of Spain, headed by the Duke and Duchess of Alba, nor the Swedish counts, German princelings, Italian marquises, and the members of our own English peerage who visit St. Moritz. Nor, again, am I taking into account the French vicomtes, Belgian princes, and the other distinguished people who figure in the Almanach de Gotha and who overrun the other resorts in Switzerland. It is the people like Durelle Sale-Barker, Billie Clyde, Christopher Mackintosh, Patsy Richardson, Roger Bushell, Mrs. Butler, Lord Clydesdale, and Bill Bracken who are worshipped by the thirty or forty thousand English winter-sport enthusiasts who go off to Switzerland in the winter, much more than if they were belted earls.

TAKE, for example, Durelle Sale-Barker, who is the No. 1 British down-hill woman ski-er, and who has beaten more men in leading international races than any other girl alive. Once she ran sixth out of a hundred and fifty entries, all of whom were men except for herself. She has captained the British team for eight years. She undertook an enterprising flight to South Africa in a light aeroplane, crashed in the jungle, wrote her name in lipstick on a piece of the canvas of the wing, gave it to a native who threatened her with his spear, sent him off to Nairobi, forty miles away, and thus secured assistance. The late Lord Knebworth, who raced with her in a roped event, said that it was like "being harnessed to an aeroplane." Tall, fair-haired, very graceful, and a first-class ball-room dancer, she is a real Diana of the Snows, and you will see her for sure on the Parsenn this winter.

I MENTIONED royalty just now. There is great excitement in Switzerland at the suggestion that Princess Marina will spend part of her honeymoon, after her marriage to the Duke of Kent, in the Alps. This seems quite possible, as her family take a villa on frequent occasions in St. Moritz; she herself has spent a good deal of time in Zurich; and, besides being quite a good ski-runner, she is very charming on ice. Curiously, if the Duke of Kent goes to Switzerland, it will be the first time that any of the younger members of the Royal Family have done so.

ONE notices that there seems to be a close connection between ski-ing and flying. There is the example of Miss

Bill Bracken, three times British ski-runner champion, now turned professional, and located during the winter at Davos

Sale-Barker; of the late Lord Knebworth; and also of the late Flight-Lieutenant Waghorn. Again, there is Howard Ford, who used to be one of our first racers, and now does nothing but flying, except for the winter sports; there is Sir Alfred Beit, who spent such an amusing winter at St. Moritz last year; there is Sir Philip Sassoon, who alternates between St. Moritz and Scheidegg, and likes to get away from the crowds to his beloved ski-ing. Yet another example is Lord Clydesdale, who improves every year and flies out to Switzerland alone in his Moth aeroplane. Last year, on his flight from St. Moritz to Coir, over the mountains, his map blew out of the cockpit and fell on a glacier thousands of feet below. Within twenty-four hours it had been posted to him at his club in Pall Mall by a Swiss mountaineer who retrieved it.

AT Klosters this year Patsy Richardson will be very much in evidence. He never put on skis until 1924, yet within three years he was representing Great Britain. He once raced in Poland, after a journey in which the temperature in the train fell to forty degrees below zero. He is a member of the Kandahar, and his son, Peter, though aged only six months, looks as though he is going to follow in his father's ski-marks by going out to Switzerland this winter.

Christopher Mackintosh, who is the son-in-law of the Duke of Hamilton, must also be placed at the very top of the tree. He is the only Englishman who can yodel satisfactorily. He is probably the strongest ski-runner in Switzerland. He covers more miles in Europe each year than anybody except Mr. Dreyfus, of the Wagons Lits Company, who, in 1933, spent three hundred nights in sleeping-cars. He has absolutely no nerves at all, and was one of the first to try the possibilities of "ski-ing" over water behind a motor-boat; and I do not mean ordinary aquaplaning.

VILLARS is the spiritual home of three of our leading ski-ers. Billie Clyde is an all-British racer—the most distinguished, in fact, of the younger generation—and learnt his stuff on the woods above Villars near Chamossaire and Bretaye. He is lightly built and delicate-looking, but undeniably wiry. He skis by balance rather than by having recourse to his strength, and has beaten many giants, including Zogg, of Arosa, and Fuhrer, of Zermatt. He is an Old Etonian, and works in a bank in London. The second of the trio, Bobby Hudson, won the British ski championship at Morgins. His speciality is neat, fast turning, which invariably assures him a high place in the Slalom. To look at, you would never guess he was such a tiger. There is also Bruce Maclaren, who, I rather think, raced for Cambridge. He is an international runner, being an accountant for the rest of the year. He is dark, and a first-class swimmer. He is also mad about speed, and recently bought a 30-98 Vauxhall for ten pounds and has managed to whip it up to eighty miles per hour.

AT Mürren we find Roger Bushell, who knew nothing about it when he first went out there, but now skis with vigour only a short distance behind famous runners like Umstutz, Christopher Mackintosh, and Bill Bracken. He is a barrister, debonair, fair, and an adept at bad language.

Bill Bracken was the first British champion to turn professional. He possesses an outstanding technique which is most attractive to watch. He has been British ski-runner champion three times, and has captained our team in Poland, Italy, and Austria. It was he who first introduced the Austrian style of running to Mürren, where it was quickly adapted to the current methods and is now generally regarded as the leading school. He is to be found at Davos, where his fair, short, moustached figure cannot be mistaken. By-the-bye, for his size he can drink more Helles beer than anyone I know.

At Mürren there is "Muffy" McKinnon, the most popular young ski-racer there is, and the only girl who can begin to compare with Durelle Sale-Barker. With the exception of the latter, she has beaten every international woman racer in Europe, including the redoubtable Inge Kantcher. "Muffy" is freckled, blue-eyed, and has a wide smile. Whenever she wins, she is cheered uproariously.

MRS. BUTLER is an expert air-woman, and wife of the chairman of De Havillands. Altogether a marvellous example of what you can do on skis, even when you start learning after the age of thirty. She is another link between flying and ski-ing, having done aerial surveys of Brazil and South Africa, piloting the machine most of the time, while her husband took photographs. She was second in the Swiss international championships, although there were a hundred women entries. She is small and trim, with the courage of a lion—I mean, of a lioness. On one occasion, when she finished in a race at Innsbruck, the Austrians cried out "Die beste Englanderin!" Modestly, she called out: "Nein; die wurst." It is evident that she had forgotten that the latter word means sausage; but it made her more popular than ever.

Durelle Sale-Barker, captain of the British team for eight years; Lord Clydesdale, who flies to Switzerland in his own aeroplane; and Christopher Mackintosh, a first-class ski-er

Second Thoughts on First Nights

A Woman's Play for a Woman

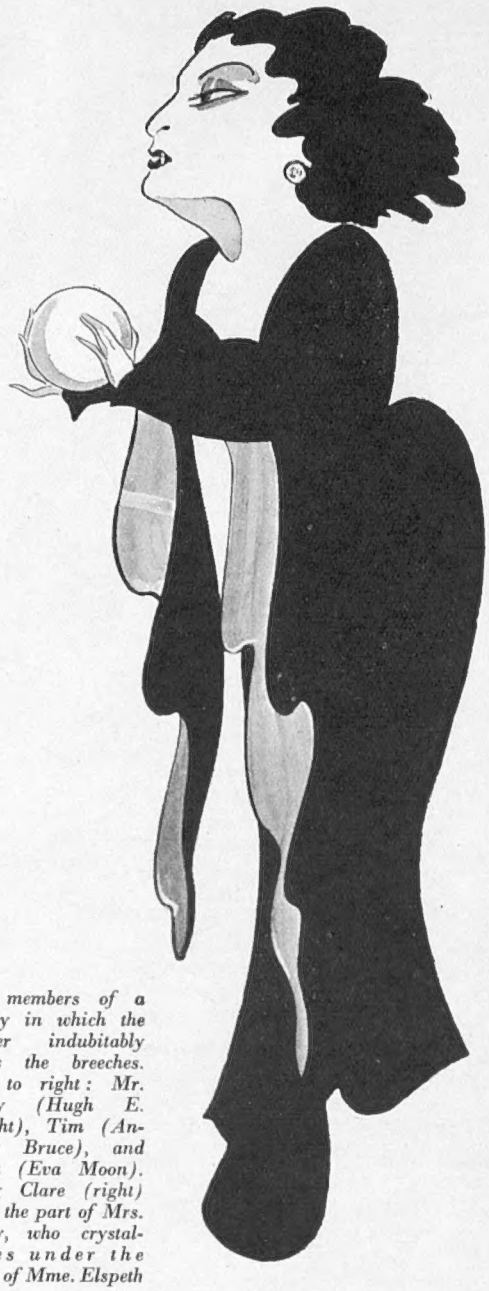
Sketches by Rouson

"The Wise-Woman" (Criterion Theatre)

I DO not wish to appear ungallant, but, if one comes to think of it, it is difficult to recall any woman dramatist of the first class. Women novelists swarm like bees; many are industrious, a few can hold their own with men, but the queen-bee dramatist, so to speak, is very difficult to find. The latest lady who has tempted fate on the stage is Lesley Storm, whose play, *The Wise-Woman*, has been presented at the Criterion by Alban Limpus; but I cannot admit that his choice has caused in me a desire to alter the opening sentence.

IN this play, the dramatist has put all she knows into drawing the character of a certain Madame Elspeth, Scottish by birth, who makes two thousand a year as a crystal-gazer, and on the proceeds supports a drunken husband, a wastrel son, and an extremely silly daughter. While the crystal-gazing business side of the character is being developed, the author succeeds in making her interesting and believable; but in order to show another facet, Miss Storm tries to make us believe that Madame Elspeth really doesn't care for her work and would infinitely prefer to be in her native land, watching the sun set over Ben Something-or-Other. On this enthralling subject she makes a long set speech in the third act which might have been effective had this side of her character been sufficiently stressed previously. As it is, this speech seemed dragged in for the purpose of merely giving the leading lady a chance of showing her paces.

ANOTHER, and more vital, mistake is that though Madame Elspeth shows shrewdness in tackling the problem of freeing her daughter from the clutches of a married man who suggests a trip à deux on the Continent, yet she nullifies her success by her future conduct, which struck me as being very far from shrewd.



The members of a family in which the mother indubitably wears the breeches. Left to right: Mr. Kirby (Hugh E. Wright), Tim (Anthony Bruce), and Janet (Eva Moon). Mary Clare (right) takes the part of Mrs. Kirby, who crystal-gazes under the name of Mme. Elspeth

SOME years ago, I can imagine, Mrs. Patrick Campbell would have revelled in the part of Madame Elspeth. At the Criterion to-day Mary Clare plays the rôle and gives a first-rate performance. In addition to making a striking figure of the charlatan physically, she cleverly depicts the sort of woman who could extract two thousand a year from the pockets of the credulous and read the Riot Act to her family when the occasion arises. What surprised me was that a woman of such determination hadn't put her foot down years before; bundled her son into the street to make his own living; smacked her daughter, when younger, elsewhere than on the cheek, and told her husband that if he must drink it would be at other people's expense—not hers.

THE other characters are of little account except that Hugh E. Wright, by subtle playing, makes of the drunkard a life-like figure. I should like to give praise to other members of the cast, but their work struck me as rather undistinguished, and, in one case, positively bad.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Right: Sir Harold Wernher, who has been one of the Joint-Masters of the Fernie since 1924, was out on Brown Jack at the Fernie opening meet at Gumley, near Market Harborough. This was Brown Jack's first public appearance since June, when he won the Queen Alexandra Stakes at Ascot for the sixth year running, receiving the sort of ovation that is reserved for the G.B.P.'s really loved favourites. Since then, Brown Jack, retired from racing, has been leading a country life at Thorpe Lubenham, Sir Harold Wernher's place at Market Harborough. His biography, written by R. C. Lyle, was published last week

Below: Commander F. J. Alexander, Joint-Master since 1932, talking to Mrs. Frank Bellville at the Fernie's Gumley meet

Sir Harold Wernher on His Famous Horse

Brown Jack with the Fernie

The Opening Meet at Gumley

The Hon. Peter Beatty, looking very like his father, Mrs. Pearson and Lady Cromwell were out on the Fernie's opening day. Scent was light, but there were some good bursts in the afternoon

Richmond beat the Harlequins by two goals and a try to a try at the Athletic Ground, and the picture shows one of the home team collared in possession

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Picking the Players

WANDERING far afield, after watching the angels tumbling down Jacob's Ladder on the façade of the Abbey Church at Bath, and eating a valetudinarian luncheon and admiring the Pulteney Bridge and the River Avon, after all this excitement I saw Somerset beat Gloucestershire by a dropped goal to nil.

Very enjoyable it all was, apart from the weather, which was dismally disgusting; but there is a quality about this West Country football which makes a mere Londoner sit up and take notice. Not that I think for a moment that Somerset are likely to win the County Championship—I believe that honour is destined for Lancashire—and Somerset are really rather a moderate side. They do go for it, though, with grand vigour. They seem to enjoy their football. You feel they would walk for miles to get a game, and I heard of one Gloucester forward—he still plays for the county—who actually did quite often walk seven miles at midnight to reach home after an away match.

THE real thing—in fact, the genuine Old Boniface in all respects but one, which is that, apparently, even West Country packs have forgotten how to scrummage.

To my mind this is a tragedy. When I was at Bath, the going was heavy, the ground muddy, the ball slippery, and Gloucestershire heeled with remarkable consistency. But they heeled, that is the point. They did not keep the ball and shove. They made no attempt to wheel. They threw away, as a result, a match which they might easily have won.

I just don't understand it. Why has the wheel been discarded as an attacking weapon? Do modern players refuse to believe that it can be effective? I know it is my King Charles's Head—the word "wheel" comes slipping off my pen uninvited now—but the fact remains that I have not seen one properly executed wheel this season. And down in the West, where men are men, and forwards work, I did hope for something better.

AND now a word about full-backs. K. C. Kinnersley, Bristol and England trials, is palpably a good one. You will remember how he leapt into prominence last year, when the Selectors plunged themselves into controversy by choosing that versatile South African, H. G. Owen-Smith. Incidentally, if Owen-Smith was chosen for England, how about J. van A. Steytler, the Guy's stand-off half, another South African? There is a good player for you, and the Selectors have created their own precedents. Do not let me seem, however, to agree with the principle. I detest it, in fact. Not only England for the English, but Englishmen for England is the way I look at it.

Anyway, Owen-Smith is out of action just now, and we miss his agility and football sense. In the meanwhile, England have to find a successor to him. I suppose Kinnersley is ear-marked for the job, and he certainly played convincingly against Gloucestershire, though his kicking might have been rather more accurate.

I MUST admit, though, that I thought H. Boughton, of Gloucester, was even better. A steady player, Boughton, with a fine sense of position. They say he doesn't like going down to it, but I don't know about that. He pulled the Somerset forwards up often enough, and that takes some doing. He looked to me the best-equipped full-back I had seen for some time, though I don't pretend that I am making a discovery. Boughton has been playing for some years—why, I even played against him myself—but he is by no means a veteran yet.

THERE are a number of reasonably good full-backs in the country—R. O. Baillon, the Northampton youngster; R. J. Barr, of Leicester; J. R. D. Ronald, of the Harlequins; G. W. Parker, of Cambridge, and F. Mennim, of Richmond. I bring Mennim in because I saw him play the most remarkable game against Oxford Everything went right for him, and on that form he is an outstanding player.

WHILE we are discussing outstanding performers, I wonder why no mention has been made this year of the merits of C. B. P. Goldson, the Durham scrum-half, an uncommonly clever and lively player, who has to be taken into consideration. It is a compliment to B. C. Gadney, and a well-deserved one, I think, that we put him down without question as England's scrum-half; but we are bound, surely, to have substitutes, and even successors in mind. Goldson must certainly be one of them, though I hear very good accounts of the Coventry half-backs, and there are many others in the running.

Guy's entertaining Birkenhead Park at Honor Oak. A Guy's player (13) is on the ground during a melée in a match won by the visitors by three tries to a penalty goal

THE Selectors are busy nowadays. I saw a couple of them at Bath, and next Sunday I suppose they will be giving us the teams for the first Trial Match at Leeds.

Let me have a mild bet with you that Heaton and Leyland will be playing; that J. Watkins, of the Navy, will appear as a back-row forward; that Kinnersley will be the Probables' full-back; that D. Meadows, the Gloucester stand-off half, will not be chosen.

Mind you, I am not criticising Meadows. I think he has had rather bad luck, in a way. He needs a scrum-half who will give him rather longer and faster passes than Fifield does. The trouble with Meadows is this—his value as an attacking player lies mainly in that jinking side-step of his, and on a wet day he cannot get a secure enough foothold for the side-step. A dry weather player, then, and that is a limitation. C. Slow is most strongly favoured, I think, as England's stand-off half, but the Selectors may surprise us yet.

Rugby Clubs at Home: The London Welsh

Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

L. J. Harris, three-quarter

Iorwerth Evans, forward

B. J. A. Lowe, forward

"Mab" Mabbott, forward

A. E. Brookes, forward

The two Bowcotts, "Jackie" and H. M., scrum and stand-off halves

Capt. G. C. H. Crawshay, president

Right: Aneurin Jenkins, hon. sec.

W. R. Morgan, three-quarter

L. G. Bowers, committee

W. Morris, old Welsh International, now touch judge

FILMS of the DAY

Three Gentlemen of Studonia

Below: Pauline Lord as Mrs. Wiggs and Zasu Pitts as the designing spinster, in a film version of the homely best-seller, the type of film of which Hollywood's purity campaign has given birth to a big family. It was at the Plaza last week

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Old-Fashioned Fashions: Mae West—
A sketch of the woman who has taken the place of every other peg to hang the latest story on—Mae West, as she appears in "Belle of the 'Nineties"

—And "Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

MR. GEORGE ARLISS is *The Last Gentleman*: whether the title is more applicable to him and his position in the film-world, or to the character he portrays in his latest film, let others decide! M. Max Dearly, some twenty years ago the handsome matinée idol of the French stage, and still one of its leading actors, is M. René Clair's *Dernier Milliardaire*; and Mr. Leslie Howard is Mildred the tea-shop caddess' idea of "a gentleman in every respect," and presumably Mr. Maugham's and Mr. Taurog's in *Of Human Bondage*.

GRANDFATHER BARR does not fulfil all the attributes of gentlemanliness, despite Mr. Arliss's perfect diction. But he is the direct descendant of the crusty old Earls and eccentric testators of Victorian fiction: domineering, snobbish, rude, but sentimentally vulnerable when grandchildren display winning ways and inherited intractability. But old Mr. Barr has the saving grace of humour, and no other actor (except Sacha Guitry) can give point to a witty line or ironic situation so perfectly as Mr. Arliss. He is constantly proclaimed a great actor: he is more, he is a great farceur.

The Last Gentleman could not exist without George Arliss, and does not exist when he is "off screen." The *Great Expectations* theme is as threadbare as the carpets of its epoch, which have been paced by four generations of increasingly flat-footed stock-companies. There is, however, a "new angle" of approach in this latest version. The wastrel son and heir who painstakingly collects evidence, which he enters in a little black book, of his father's eccentricities and mental instability for post-mortem use, in case he should be disinherited, unfortunately for believers in human probity, comes directly from the law courts rather than the lending libraries. Needless to say, the old man scores off the predatory and rewards the disinterested members of his family. There is a queerly effective (thanks to Mr. Arliss's talent for monologue) anti-climax, in the form of a filmic last testament. A conscientious, but not very exciting supporting cast constitutes a faithful rearguard.

BEFORE the Press show of *Le Dernier Milliardaire*, M. René Clair made a charming, disarming, and brief announcement in English. He said, in essence, that he wanted to know what the critics and public thought about the cinema to-day. He was disheartened. The silent film progressed, but since the inception of sound he did not feel that there had been an appreciable advance. The cinema is young, and youth should grow; if it did not do so it evinced some form of invalidism. Every picture he made was an experiment, and showed him how little he knew, and he asked to be judged as a beginner. This, from a man who has made some of the most brilliant, original, *and successful* films in the last decade! The engaging sincerity of a creative artist saved such utterances from fatuity.

The opening sequences of *Le Dernier Milliardaire* are as delectable as a soufflé en surprise, but it deteriorates, like too large a helping of this unpostponable entremet. A tiny kingdom of the Monaco variety is bankrupt. Since there is no money, trading, and even gambling, is done in "kind." At the Casino, a prevented suicide's revolver wins en plein, and he is paid—in revolvers. At a café, a client pays with a capon, and is given two baby chickens and an egg as change! M. Banco, an ex-patriate millionaire, will come to the rescue financially if the Princess will marry him. Through an accident he becomes mad. Here the slump in effective humour really occurs. His lunatic decrees are too ingenuously close to slap-stick to be an effective satire on dictatorship, which is, nevertheless, a glorious opportunity. M. Clair was no doubt in a difficulty. He has fallen between the two stools of farce and international politics.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE is another example of the impossibility of translating literary and psychological analysis into pictorial drama. Philip Carey, the sensitive young man with artistic ambitions and no talent, who has a club foot and whose life is nearly ruined by his enduring infatuation for a cheap, vulgar little virago, is beautifully played by Leslie Howard, who, besides his great intelligence as an actor, has an indescribably endearing quality. But the character and the part are necessarily supine, and it is a relief when, after a series of incredible exploitations, he at long last says to the detestable girl: "You disgust me!" The "bondage" is made unbelievable by the unrelieved hatefulness of the girl. Bette Davis gives no hint of what her charm can have been for the fastidious fellow; there is not even a suggestion of sensuality, and she is greatly hampered by her attempt at a Cockney accent, which is merely caricature. Kay Johnson and Frances Dee are sympathetic in a minor key as the good women, and the crescendo of Reginald Owen, who gets so many laughs that some of his lines are lost, is a joy and a relief.

Leslie Howard as the lame medical student, and Bette Davis as the callous little waitress whom he loves, in spite of his discovery of her infidelity of which he has just had proof

"Of Human Bondage"

Somerset Maugham's Great Novel Translated into Screen Terms

Left: Bette Davis, who had a difficult job to do, turning her American voice into a Cockney one. The waitress, who nearly breaks Philip Carey's heart is, as she plays the part, unrelievedly vulgar, shallow and selfish, without one redeeming quality to make credible the young man's deep and unhappy passion for her

Below: Leslie Howard and Frances Dee as the girl he marries after his lameness is cured and the waitress is dead

WHATEVER the opinions of the critics may be about the suitability of Maugham's enormously long novel for adaptation to the screen, they are unanimous as to the quality of Leslie Howard's acting in "Of Human Bondage." As Philip Carey, the lame, sensitive medical student whose life is almost destroyed by the worthlessness of the girl he loves, he gives a superlatively good performance. The film is worth seeing on his account alone. The direction, by John Cromwell, and the setting are good. "Of Human Bondage" has been running at the Regal for a week

Miss Deirdre Kathleen Child is Named

Deirdre Kathleen were the names given to Sir John and Lady Child's daughter at her christening at the Guards' Chapel. Sir John Child is in the Coldstream Guards; Lady Childs is Canadian, and was Sheila Matheeson, of Montreal

A Crop of "Dates"

Dancing, Christenings and Charity

The Robin Grants' Son is Christened

Mr. and Mrs. Robin Grant's son was christened at All Souls', Langham Place, was named Charles Anthony Richard, and wore a christening robe that Queen Victoria gave to the late Lady Holmpatrick. Mrs. Robin Grant was Pamela Wellesley, Lady George Wellesley's daughter

Below: the Hon. Brinsley Plunket and Mrs. Essex Drury at the Young Britons' Ball at Claridge's in aid of the most junior of the Conservative organisations

Mr. Everard Gates and Lady Jean Mackintosh, who is the chairman of the Snow Ball at Claridge's on November 28th, were at the Young Britons' Ball

Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore talking to Mrs. Anthony Angas at the committee meeting at Lady Cunliffe-Lister's house for the Victoria League Ball which is being held at the Dorchester on December 17th

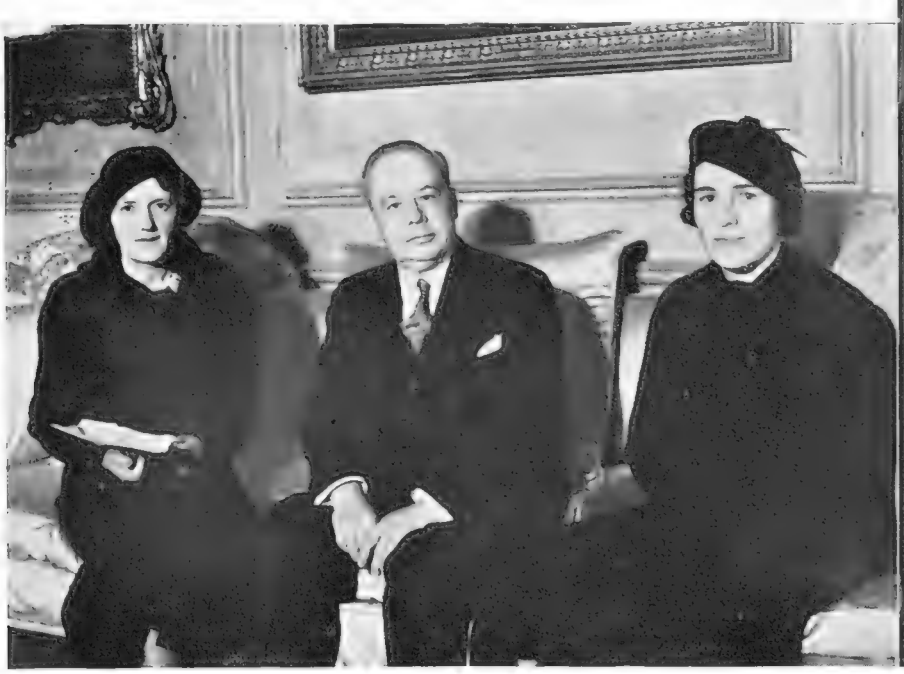
Chariteers in Committee

Planning the "Iron Duke" Première In Aid of the Hospital for Sick Children

Above: Mrs. Mark Ostrer, a vice-chairman, whose husband is one of the Gaumont-British kings, with Lord and Lady Portarlington, in whose Chesham Place house the committee meeting was held. Lady Portarlington is chairman of the Committee

THE première of George Arliss's film, "The Iron Duke," takes place on November 30th, the day after the Royal wedding, at the Tivoli, and is in aid of the reconstruction fund of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children. The Prince of Wales will be there; the Grand Committee of 150 contains most of London's social-plus names. Dozens of tickets have already been sold and there's sure to be a great traffic jam in the Strand

Mrs. Archie Campbell, wearing a seal coat and cap to match, talking to Lady Queensberry, who is another of the vice-chairmen. The latter has been doing a lot of work for charity affairs this autumn

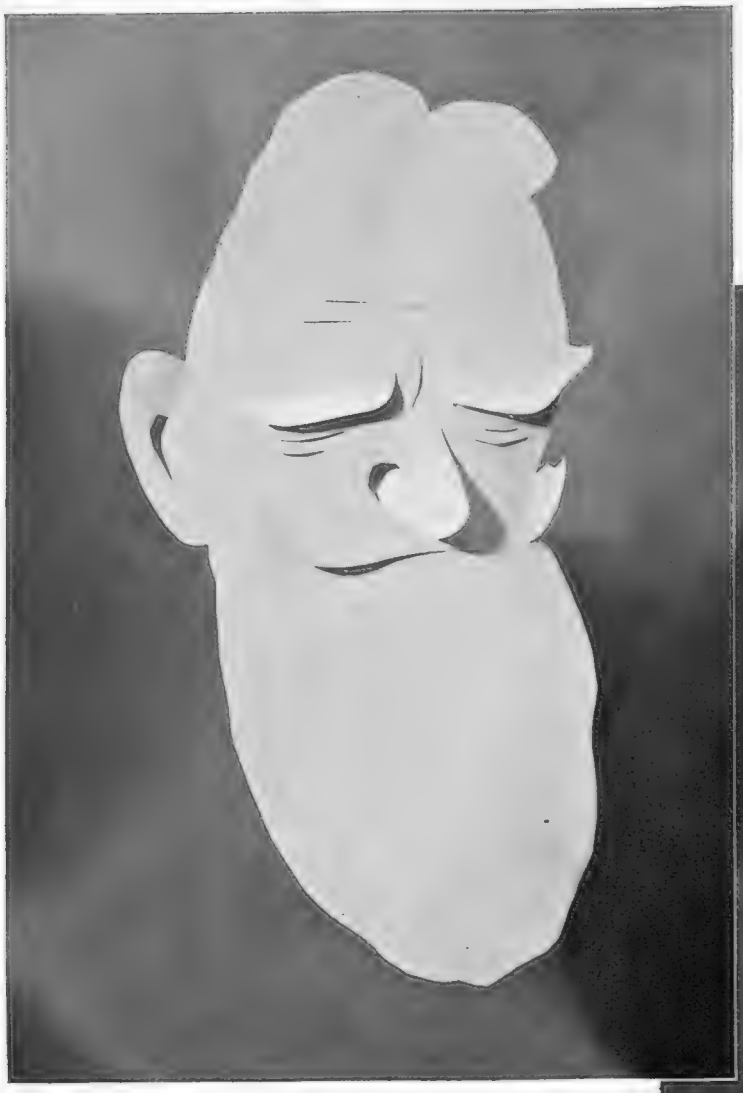


Sir Charles Higham, who made a most impassioned appeal speech at this committee meeting, is sitting between Lady Claud Hamilton, the Duke of Abercorn's sister-in-law, and Lady Thomas. They are both members of the Committee which is organising the première

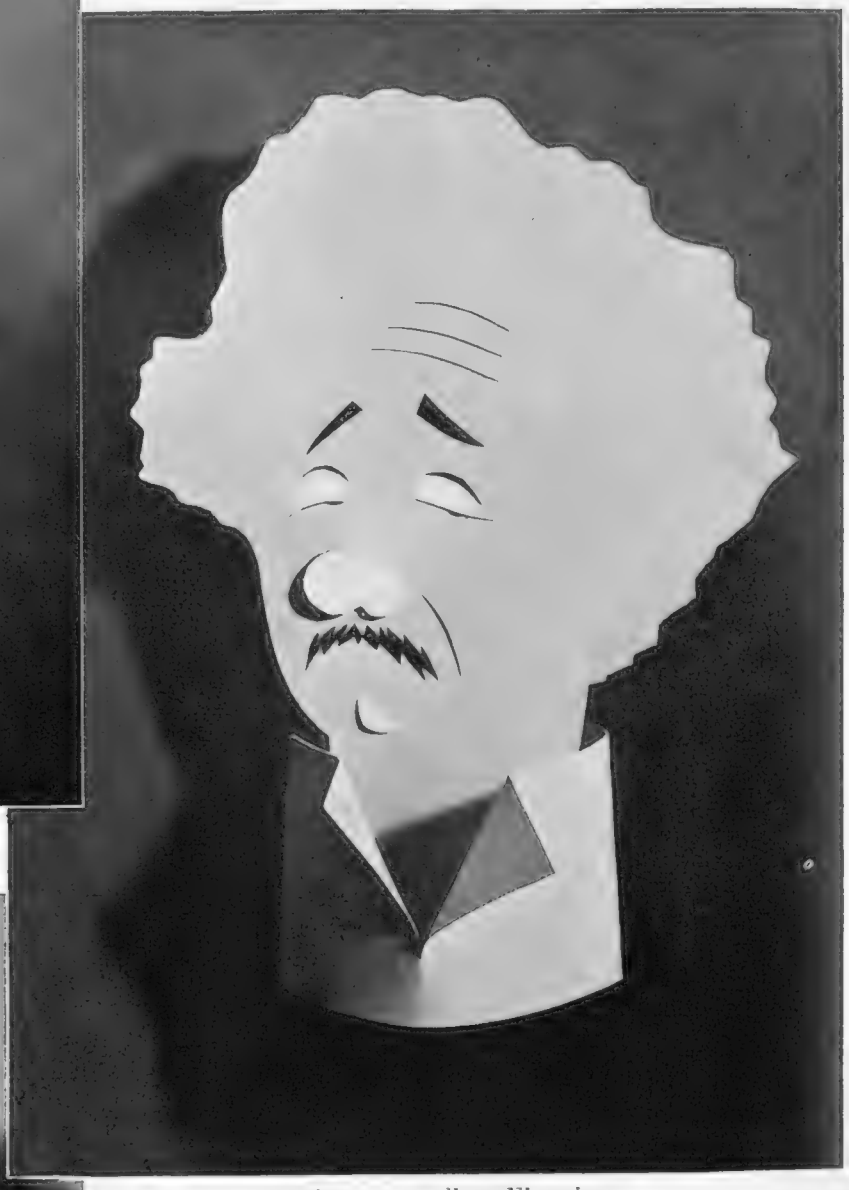
Mme. Paul Dubonnet, wearing her famous pearls, and Mrs. Mary Booker, in London sports clothes, were two more of the extremely good-looking collection of women who met at Lady Portarlington's house

Three Wise Men

More Paper Caricatures By Wladimir Bielkine



George Bernard Shaw



Professor Albert Einstein

Mahatma Gandhi

THREE more examples of the "scissors cut paper" art of Wladimir Bielkine, Russian by birth and Dutch by adoption, whose work as a painter and draughtsman is well known on the Continent. The Bernard Shaw caricature is particularly interesting, for it was a tattered map, the outline of which seemed vaguely to resemble the head of the great man, which first gave Bielkine the idea of cut-out portraits. Five photographs of his paper caricatures appeared in last week's "Bystander"

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Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

THE newly-opened R.I.B.A. building in Portland Place looks pretty massive and awe-worthy to us. Austere and highly architectural, that façade seems to us, and we note that, following the fashion of the moment, there 's a nude, bloated boy on it, like Prospero's little playmate over the main entrance of Broadcasting House, up the street.

We 've been asking people what this R.I.B.A. child is meant to be. Some think he 's Love. Others think he 's the Spirit of Architecture. Others, again, think he 's from an early photograph of Sir Edwin Lutyens, and others—the majority—think he 's just terrible. Ourselves, we shouldn't wonder if he really is Love, sternly put there to show that he can't ever get into the R.I.B.A., that no erotic claspings can ever pollute those bleak, shining halls, and that the architect who aspires to the stars must have no sex-life.

We are, on second thoughts, slightly disappointed in that façade. We were hoping it was going to be Palladian, all over gesticulating marble statues of British architects famous in song and story, like (for instance) Mr. Pecksniff and Thomas Hardy—neither, of course, naked, which would be scandalous, but wearing top-hats and frock-coats, and carrying umbrellas. Also a statue of the first British architect, snarling, crouching, all over hair, and carrying a large club with which to beat competitors in cave-design into a pulp. These would have had some historical value, whereas your fashionable naked boys have none.

In Passing

OBSERVING an eye-worthy young thing of our acquaintance wearing a sort of neat gold stripe over her heart the other evening, we asked what it signified. She said it was to show that it was her second season as a débutante, that she had been through six engagements, and that she was keeping her powder dry. She said she held honorary lance-corporal's rank in the Mayfair Iron Division (Storm Troops), and was expecting a month's leave quite shortly.

As we took leave of the cheerful, charming creature, we saw her Mamma in the distance, and noted a gleam in that tough old campaigner's eye which reminded us ominously of Siegfried Sassoon's lines about—

. . . purple Majors at the Base
Speeding glum heroes up the line to death,

and we couldn't help wondering what happens to débutantes who desert from the line. Are they (we wondered) buried alive, in the manner of the Vestal Virgins, in Berkeley Square by night, or is there a grim little ceremony in the Dorchester courtyard some mornings at dawn?

"But don't you think we men need a teeny bit more colour in our lives?"

Tuppence Coloured

STIFLING a gentle yawn, we note they are contemplating an "epic" film about Drake at Elstree. You know as well as we do what kind of a Drake he 'll turn out to be—a sanctified figure in shining armour, with a halo like a cartwheel, an Elizabethan of the Kingsley brand, resembling a real Elizabethan about as much as the Botticelli Venus resembles a sick gorilla.

On the other hand (we hear you saying, in that curious, piping voice of yours), it would admittedly be impossible to make an English film of the real Drake, slave-trader, pirate, double-crosser and crook, because nobody would believe it, least of all the film people. You are right, for once. It would be impossible to hint at the percentage the Virgin Queen used regularly to snaffle when the loot came home. It would be quite impossible to show the Elizabethan English as they were, living in a world of treachery and big business and lies and crises de nerfs and blood and hysteria and jobbery, with the biggest liar in Europe (as even jolly old J. R. Green, the Boys' Own Historian, regretfully admits) at their head. Quite, quite impossible.

In a word, the legend persists, and nothing will ever kill it. You may not care a hoot, but that sort of attitude, let us tell you, does you no credit—on the contrary, it confirms our growing impression that you never read anything but large type under coloured pictures, with words divided thus: "El-sie," "Ti-ger," "Fam-i-ly."

Open Cupboards

RELISHING, as we do, a bit of candour now and again in the modern welter of insincerity and compromise, we came across two pretty good examples of it as we browsed round the booksy world last week. One instance was the frank Mr. Hugh Kingsmill's comparison of Mr. A. A. Milne, in his recent outburst against war, with "an

"How did you get here with a gallery ticket?"
"Tumbled down"

acid spinster trying to keep her temper while explaining the mischievous effects of debauchery to the Emperor Heliogabalus." The other was the study of Gerald du Maurier by his daughter, which has caused something of a stir.

Considering the Du Maurier book from all angles, we are inclined to agree with a friend of ours who thinks it "a bit too much." The Victorian daughter, when she compiled a distinguished father's biography, made him a god in whiskers. The modern daughter, going to the other extreme, displaying her parent as a spoilt child and analysing all his charming weaknesses with a calm, bright-eyed ruthlessness, seems to us to be overdoing it rather more ominously. Curious old fogies that we are, it gives us a grue. In the dim ages of the decade before the war, we saw a melodrama at the Elephant and Castle in which the blue-eyed hero refused to betray his aged mother for gold. Everybody cheered that sentiment, which we, being young ourselves, thought a pretty sound one. To-day, that same hero will probably (as things are going) write a clever book about his mother, describing all her amours in detail, publishing her spicier love-letters with notes, being amusingly epigrammatic on her tendency to dance and fight when in her cups, and generally providing the idle reading public (you) with a grand parade of skeletons from the family cupboards.

We think this tendency is pretty disturbing, and one more example of that attack on the fabric of Society which heralds the doom of our civilisation. If we had a daughter, now, we wouldn't have her taught to read or write, the hussy. Keep 'em illiterate and marry 'em off to Old Blues, that 's our plan henceforth.

Careless Raptures

IT seems to us that a London evening paper's series of "Cockney" Humour stories, contributed by its readers, has had its effect on the bus-conductors and taxi-drivers of London. They 're getting a bit self-conscious, it appears to us. They 're beginning to get aware, and before long they 'll be preparing and polishing their impromptus beforehand, and leading up to them afterwards, as carefully as any little pseudo-Wilde in Bloomsbury. This will inevitably ruin their reputation and their repartee.

About 75 per cent. of the brightest mots we hear nowadays in clubs and places, incidentally, were first uttered by G. K. Chesterton's friend, the late "Tommy" Michael Pope, who never took any trouble to claim or collect any of them. The most brilliant of his impromptus were murmured casually out of the corner of his mouth or from behind the lip of a tankard of beer, and for the most part, only those who chanced to be standing at his elbow ever heard them. It was as if Michael Angelo, after dashing off a masterly sketch, should flick it carelessly away, heedless whether it went into a museum or was used to wrap up fried fish. Having had the luck to hear quite a few vintage Popisms actually uttered, we got into the habit of murmuring, next time we heard some wit repeating them without acknowledgment, "—as Tommy Pope used to say." This made us highly unpopular, and you often found us at one end of the cocktail bar, quite alone, dreamily sipping our sherry and gazing at the furious backs of the elect.

Well, to cut a long story short, that is how it all began. Solitary drinking led eventually to our becoming a theatre critic, and then, swiftly falling lower and lower, we found ourselves forced to earn our daily bread by filling up the white spaces round the delightful drawings you see on this page. And *that*, children, is how we met your grandmother.

It 's No Fun

WE weren't invited to the annual meeting of the Friends of the Rich, that useful charitable society organised on the lines of the Friends of the Poor, but we hear the report was highly satisfactory.

A few more minor casualties were reported last year. Mrs. Eagerley was flung off the Blue Train for bending with womanly emotion over an ailing but testy millionaire. Miss Beedle got it in the neck, after repeated warnings, from a gang of masked gossip-boys in Grosvenor Square. Mr. Fidge, whose duties involved inspiring wealthy financiers to noble thoughts

"Stop moping over 'Alice in Wonderland' and get busy"

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 6.—D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SOME writers rage and rant and roar
At all the folk who make them sore,
While others treat with cold disdain
Those people who give them a pain;
But D. B. Wyndham Lewis you 'll
Observe, slays them with ridicule—
A caddish thing to do to folk
Who never, NEVER see a joke. And—

The painting-in-woaders, the C. E. M. Joaders,
The literary rabble who bubble and babble
And trot round in bunches to publishers' lunches;
The shaggy-haired fellow who "lurves" Pirandello;
The nasty nut-eaters and Modern Art bleaters;
Political schemers and flabby-faced dreamers
All cop it in season, for, thank heavens, he 's on
The track of the shammer who just loves to yammer.

With fiendish joy he noses out
Each noisome, noisy no-account,
And when he 's tracked one to its lair
In Chelsea or near Bloomsbury Square,
He promptly slays the fathead calf,
With one loud, pose-destroying laugh,
For "D.B." stands, it 's safe to guess,
For "De-Bunk"—nothing more or less! So——

The Ibsenish grey folk, the Barriesque fey folk
Whose whimsey so bubbles it drives one to "doubles";
The down-with-all-whiners, the grim Gertrude Steiners;
The open-neck shirters, the "let's-all-talk-dirters";
The poseurs and mushers and Arty four-flushers;
Society thrusters and Super Brain-Trusters—
In fact, all who snivel and quibble and drivel
And prove themselves stumer he hounds with his humour.

B. W.

"Oh, sure, yes—come out to my place and have dinner"

Re-Incarnations

No. 6—Castor and Pollux

(Sir Walter Gilbey and Lord Lonsdale)

and happiness by calling on them in business hours to read them the works of Shelley, is much better, and a second operation may yet be avoided. Mrs. Goofing, bursting into a private room at the Magnifique to offer "a good woman's friendship" to a Levantine peer, was crowned with a silver soup-tureen full of Bortsch. Making friends with the rich is not always an easy business, and the society is to be congratulated on a good year's work.

Night Out

BEING at a loose end the other evening after dinner, and failing to find any new play or film we particularly cared about, we ran a languid eye down the "To-day's Arrangements" column in one of the papers, to see what other entertainment there was. We found that there were quite a lot of lectures, and that we had the baffling task of selecting from Problems of Crown Colony Government in Africa, Pre-Reformation Alabaster Tombs, Reconstruction, Czechoslovak Literature, Adolescence and Vocational Guidance, The Influence of Hygiene on Surgery, Industrial Co-Partnership, Selling Air Travel, Health and the Indoor Climate, and about six more.

As we put on our nightcap ten minutes later for a long, luxurious, restful evening in bed, we pondered a great deal on this discovery. We wondered whether, in remote, unearthly parts of London, virgin cheeks are flushed with excitement and white hands are clapped with glee because Papa has promised to take Mumsy and the girls to hear Dr. Buffle on Old Worcestershire Flock-Beds, in the Village Crafts Movement. We remembered that an aged great-aunt of ours remembered hearing Agassiz lecture on the Cuttle-fish. All London flocked to it, apparently, and raved about Agassiz's drawings of the cuttle-fish's inside. We didn't know people still felt like that about lectures. Obviously they do, and there must be a largish lecture public, all (we thought) pretty determined and grim.

These people don't crave for leg-shows, unless it 's a lecture on the Centipede in Pre-Dravidian Estiology. It makes us feel terribly fluffy and light-minded. Fribbles, that 's what we feel like. We 're that ashamed we shouldn't wonder if we shall be giving you something on Colloidal Rhizotomes in the Cubconscious before long.

THE BYSTANDERS

Tunbridge

Miss Daphne Pringle

Stuart Hamilton

Miss Susan Lamert

Lenare

Miss Grizel Grant

Engaged

Daphne Pringle, *daughter of the late R. S. Pringle and the Hon. Mrs. Hubert Preston, is engaged to Ian Tulloch, second son of the late Angus A. G. Tulloch, and Mrs. Tulloch, of 28, Portland Place*

Susan Lamert, *second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Lamert, of 18, Gloucester Square, and Horleigh Green, Five Ashes, Kent, is engaged to Quentin Berkeley Hurst, only son of Sir Gerald Hurst, K.C., M.P., and Lady Hurst*

Grizel Grant *is engaged to Anthony Robarts, 11th Hussars, second son of Captain and Mrs. Gerald Robarts, of Lillingstone-Dayrell House, Bucks; she is the daughter of Major-General Sir Philip Grant, K.C.B., C.M.G., and Lady Grant, of the Long House, Hurstbourne Priors, Hants*

Delia Loyd, *daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. William Loyd, of Upper House, Shamley Green, Surrey, is engaged to Lord and Lady Stonehaven's elder son, the Hon. Ian Baird*

Priscilla Dodson, *only daughter of the late Lord Monk Bretton, and sister of the present ten-year-old peer, is to marry Claude Thorburn Knight, Coldstream Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Knight, of Syon House, East Budleigh, Devon*

Lady Delia Hicks-Beach, *Earl St. Aldwyn's only sister, is engaged to Captain Charles Michael Dillwyn-Venables-Llewelyn, Grenadier Guards, son of Sir Charles and Lady Dillwyn-Venables-Llewelyn, of Lysdinam, Newbridge, Radnorshire*

Judy Stanley, *daughter of the late W. B. Stanley and Mrs. Stanley, of Coolamber Manor, Westmeath, and Lilybrook, Budleigh, Devon, is engaged to Anthony Wingfield, 10th Hussars, only son of Col. the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Wingfield, and nephew of Viscount Powerscourt*

Bassano

Miss Delia Loyd

Bassano

The Hon. Priscilla Dodson

Lenare

Lady Delia Hicks-Beach

Lafayette

Miss Judy Stanley

Nicholas de Molas talking to Lady Mount Temple and Mr. Eddie Marsh at the private view of his exhibition at the Mayor Galleries, Cork Street, which opened last week

Mr. Constant Lambert, the composer and conductor, and Lady Bonham Carter at the de Molas private view

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Above: the Hon. Mrs. Charles Winn, with her leopard-trimmed cap and leopard tie, herself made a good picture, posed in front of one of the de Molas exhibits

Right: Miss Marks with Phillips Holmes, the film star, who plays the part of the young Hungarian Count in "Caravan," the Charell film at the Curzon

MANY readers have written to me their warm appreciation of my efforts last week to remind them of the approach of Advent. While thanking them, I have to admit that I am surprised at their lack of cognisance of the scriptural almanack. However, I am determined to be first in the field this year with my Christmas forebodings, and warn you that in a month from now the old Yule log will be burning on the hearth.

ANOTHER very serious addition to the numbers of great fires which have taken place lately is the one which occurred at the Anchor Press. Gilbert Frankau, Rafael Sabatini, and Andrew Soutar have been "burnt," and another sufferer is Barbara Cartland, whose novel, *Passionate Attainment*, is said to have caused the fire, so many sparks did it exude from the white heat of its intensity.

NEWS from near and far tells me that Lady Dunn is sailing for Chile at the beginning of next month—not to make a corner in pampas grass for Sir James, but for the "canter after the cattle, and the crack of the whips like shots in a battle." She has promised me a picture of the party crossing the Andes on mules.

MISS MARY LYGON is now in Rome with her father, Lord Beauchamp, who has taken Lord Berners' house for the winter. Her blonde beauty is sure to be admired by the Roman cavaliers, whom Princess Jane di San Faustino will muster in force to meet her.

THE Duchess of Westminster has returned to Eaton Hall, having had a not-very-cheerful time in a Bordeaux nursing-home. The Duke regaled her daily with delicacies from the Chapon Fin, one of France's finest restaurants.

SCHIAPARELLI, to whom I owe a deep apology for terming her evening cape "sheepskin," for it represents the union of many young, long-haired silver foxes, has returned to Paris, where the Princess Mdivani was seen to smile at her recent birthday. For the Yacht Club Boys and Jack Harris arrived for the night to cheer her up. They had a good laugh, too, so did Poulsen, when they saw the large fee that the Prince provided for them.

THIS is the time of year to be "bowling over the long-tails"; no wonder the cartridge-makers can afford their second glasses of port for luncheon, when the real experts shoot off anything up to thirty thousand of their cartridges a year. Any sportsman being invited to

Mrs. Nicholas Bentley

Mrs. Nicholas Bentley (Barbara Hastings till quite lately), wearing a nice Tyrolean hat, was at the private view of Mme. Gerty Simon's "London Personalities" exhibition of photographs at the Storran Gallery

Below: Lady Elgin, the chairman of the St. Andrew's Eve Ball on November 29th, to which the Duke and Duchess of York have promised to go after the Royal wedding. Sokolova is arranging a Greek ballet for the Ball, in honour of the wedding

The Countess of Elgin

Lady Smiley

Sketched at the United Services Ball, to which she and her husband went with Lady Cambridge, the chairman

Sketches by

Molly Bishop

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

such shoots as Bestwood, by Sir Harold Bowden, Kentwell, by Sir Connop Guthrie, Ampton, by Sir Pierce Lacy, or Six-Mile Bottom, by Captain Cunningham Reid, must arrive with at least five hundred cartridges. If you shoot them off as quickly as does Mr. "Ronnie" Bassett, you had better take a thousand.

THE new Ladies' Room at Buck's Club is now open. One of the guests asked "Buck" whether he kept a miniature "zoo" adjoining. It was afterwards discovered that it was only one of the older members in the adjacent room grunting his disapproval of the innovation. Whether it will be a success or not nobody can say for the moment, but the first nine women to dine there would all win prizes in a beauty competition—Miss Dorothy Hyson, Mrs. Dudley Ward, Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, Miss Gladys Cooper, Mrs. Gerard Koch de Gooreynd, Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, Mrs. Raymond Massey, Miss Audrey Simpson, and Comtesse de Pret Roose.

We shall have to see how Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe will counter-attack, now that he has taken command of Punch's Club. Let us hope he will not too much alter the ways of that snug little resort.

LADY CHAMBERLAIN'S Wednesday afternoons come under the heading "big stuff." Tail-coats are more popular with your hostess than tweeds; politicians are to be seen in every nook of the salon. Miss Diane Chamberlain last week had been to the Chrysanthemum Show at Birmingham, and returned laden with Autumn's lovely floral tributes.

Mr. "Eddie" Tatham came on to Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston's cocktail party (hers are on Wednesdays, too) rather late; he unluckily missed Lord Decies' efforts to discover the identity of Schiaparelli. Somebody stupidly told him that she was a famous actress, and the thought of his Lordship standing outside the stage-door on a Paris trottoir, holding a bunch of roses, made "Schap" chuckle, although her countrymen had been defeated in the rough-and-tumble at Highbury that afternoon.

MRS. O'MALLEY KEYES was telling everybody how happy she is over her daughter June's marriage. She has been over here arranging the settlement. Her daughter Rosemary is still in Biarritz, enjoying the sea breezes, which at this time of the year are pretty hearty.

Mrs. Lawson-Johnston was sponsoring Ellen Ballon, a pianist who has been playing with the New York Philharmonic, and who gives a concert at Aeolian Hall on the 14th. And Lady Portarlington was reminding everybody not to forget the first performance of *The Iron Duke* on the 30th, at which the Prince of Wales will be present.

WHAT fun they all had at the Servants' Ball at the Albert Hall! On the doors of the boxes were the names of the nobility; within were their domestics, often so much more pleasant than their employers. Lady Malcolm organises this Ball annually; the tickets only cost 5s., all of which is given to charity. And it is done extraordinarily well, all the proceedings being very "up-stage and county."

FOR those who wish to hear back-chat among Princesses, an afternoon at Molyneux when Princess Marina's bridesmaids are trying on their dresses will well repay them. Those who try to tease Princess Juliana certainly get back more than they give.—MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

A LOT of people seem to have been talking about flying again of late. They appear to fly in couples more than they did, too. Mr. Niall Rankin and his wife, Lady Jean, did their training together some time ago, and now Mr. and Mrs. John Hare have both done solo flights. She is a sister of Mrs. Robin Gurdon, who has been "air-minded" some years now. Whether their brother, Lord Cowdray, ever leaves the ground, we can't be certain.

Talking of the John Hares, they have taken Blickling Hall from Lord

Sir John Maffey

Another sketch at the United Services Ball. Sir John Maffey, Governor-General of the Sudan, was also in Lady Cambridge's party

Sir Richard Cruise

The King's oculist was drawn while he was dining at Quaglino's. His spare time occupations are all outdoor ones: he hunts with the Whaddon at week-ends, is a good shot, a good golfer (like his wife, who was Eileen Greenlees, and played for Scotland), and has done a good deal of race-riding and big-game hunting

Mrs. Archie Black

Another of the year's "young-marrieds," sketched at a lunch-party in her new flat in Sloane Street. Mrs. Archie Black, who was Rosemary Villiers, was wearing an amusing black and gold striped lamé blouse, and a black velvet skirt

Willingdon, in Calcutta. Another person who is rushing off to India at a moment's notice for Christmas, and also to Calcutta, is Mrs. Violet Hirsch. What made her suddenly decide to go is not for us to say: probably the awful wet and cold here, which we know gets her down.

THE "Johnny" Dewars are continuing to occupy Mrs. Freddie Cripps's house in South Audley Street for the present. It 's a charming house for entertaining, and they gave a dinner-party there the other night. Such people as the David Heneages were to be seen (she gets lovelier every time we see her), Mrs. Redmond McGrath, and that attractive Baroness Jacques Thenard, who 's taken to wearing her hair in a fringe. It suits her to perfection, but it by no means suits everybody who thinks it does.

Lothian jointly with Mr. "Bill" Astor, and are busy entertaining shooting-parties there. It 's one of the best shoots in Norfolk, and one of the most lovely Tudor houses. Anne Boleyn's ghost is said to haunt it, but whether anyone has been lucky, or unlucky, enough (whichever way you like to look at it) to "bump" into Anne, history doesn't relate.

Yet another née Pearson, while we 're on the subject, that we have news of is Mrs. Paul Willert. She was Brenda. She is learning remedial dancing, as she finds she 's got plenty of spare time, having got a minute and very modern house in Halsey Street which more or less runs itself. By "modern" we mean in devices, not decorations. She apparently finds remedial dancing more amusing and definitely more beneficial than remedial exercises.

ONE thing always reminds us of another, and flying reminds us of Lady Margaret Stewart, who has been flown, lock, stock, and barrel, by her mother, Lady Londonderry, to Ireland, where she arrived still persisting that she was going to marry Muntz; but rumour has it that she only had a single ticket, whereas her mother had a return. We are glad to hear that Lady Castlereagh, wife of Lord Londonderry's heir, is getting on all right after the removal of her appendix.

WE hear that Lord Ratendone is taking his attractive wife out to India to spend Christmas with his parents, the Viceroy and Lady

WOMEN always make a bee-line for the case that contains the jewels at a wedding reception, and it was well worth the struggle the other day at Miss Egerton Warburton's wedding. A light had been carefully placed to show the jewels off to advantage. Mrs. Waters had given her daughter the most lovely diamond tiara tipped with pear-shaped pearls, and her stepfather, Colonel Waters, gave her a bracelet of magnificent cabochon emeralds and pearls. Emeralds were to the fore, in fact, as her mother had also given her a diamond and emerald brooch and ring. The bridegroom, Mr. Desmond Flower, gave his bride a lovely string of pearls with an emerald clasp and also a diamond and sapphire ring. She also had some heavenly diamond and ruby ear-rings, and her grandfather, Lord Newton, gave her a brooch of diamonds in the form of a Maltese cross. In fact, she did extraordinarily well altogether, we considered.

ALL the Leicestershire hunting world will have been extremely sorry to hear that Miss Marjorie Leigh is not well enough to hunt again this season. As a result, she has let Warwick Lodge to the Ambrose Clarkes and Mr. Harry Cottrill. The hunting season is now in full swing, and all the usual people are to be seen out. The Robert Fanshawes from Tidworth are with the Cottesmore again, but this time in a house of their own. Lady Helena Fitzwilliam has been sighted, and Lord Burghley has snatched a few days off from the House of Commons and will probably snatch a few more.—MRS. PEEPS

Man Se
Audaciou
on the
White Sh

Three Glorious
in the Swiss
Winter Sport

Above :

A tailing party crossing the slope of a snow-field above Arosa by a well-beaten track. The horses, strangely enough, look more incongruous against the snow than an aeroplane does cutting through the deep blue of a Swiss sky

Below :

Another view of the Arosa snow-fields, the smooth whiteness of the slopes across the valley only lightly broken by the trails of ski-ers, in contrast to the much-scored hillside in middle distance of the photograph above

Right :

A ski-er making a turn at slopes above St. Moritz, and powdered snow like the spra motor-boat. The blown sky lo

ets His
us Mark
Giants'
houlders

us Snowscapes
s Alps—That
rts Paradise

at speed on the Corviglia
and throwing up a wake of
spray behind a fast-turning
y looks like a storm coming

The Ball-of-the-Future

In Aid of Guy's Hospital

The Chairman and a Steel Ship

The Countess of Carrick, chairman of the Ball Committee, is looking at an all-steel model of an English sailing man-of-war, designed as a table-piece. Lady Carrick took a big party to the ball

"The Spirit of Steel"

Lady Bridget Poulett appeared as the Spirit of Steel, accompanied by Vulcan, the God of Steel, in the tableau vivant which was part of the evening's entertainment She announced the prizes won by ticket-holders

Left: Miss Lisa Maugham at supper

Mrs. Arthur Paget, Lady Georgiana and Mr. Mark Ogilvie-Grant were three more of the 1300 guests at the ball, which was the big charity event of last week

Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey

The Hon. Mrs. Paul Willert

THE LONDON ROUNDABOUT

Swaebe

The Younger Set at Derek Hall-Caine's Cocktail-Party

Linette Warren, in an amusing "pill-box" with a tassel behind, dancing with Antony Forwood, Mrs. Gerald Glover dancing with her husband at Derek Hall-Caine's super cocktail-party at his Grosvenor Square house

Swaebe

Above: Jean Gillie, the attractive young dancer, and John Hodge, who was one of the hosts at Derek Hall-Caine's party

Left: Ida Lupino, the English film star, buying a programme from Alison Campbell at last week's film gala at the Plaza

Programme-Sellers for the R.N.L.I.

Averil Loyd and Lady Marguerite Strickland were two of the programme-sellers at the showing of the Citroën trans-Asiatic expedition film, "An Eastern Odyssey," at the Plaza, in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution

Lady Burney, Com. Sir Dennistoun Burney's wife, was also at the Plaza

Charity Rehearsal

Margaretta Scott, who is appearing as Florence Nightingale at the Red Cross Ball next week, being helped on with her dress by Lady Mary Strickland, one of the Committee. The former is playing Beatrice in "For Ever," the forthcoming play about Dante

• A RACING REVERIE

The Fog Lifts at Derby

Miss Helen Moir, Miss Angela Ramsden-Jodrell, who was a 1934 "deb," and her mother, Mrs. Ramsden-Jodrell, walking round at Derby

The Hon. Mrs. Mountjoy Fane, Mrs. Crawfurd, and Sir Delves Broughton were at the Derby meeting, the first day of which was cancelled on account of the impenetrable fog

The Hon. Ronald Strutt, Lord Belper's eldest son, talking to Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford

A Good Party at Liverpool

By "Regular"

LIVERPOOL has atmosphere—I am not referring to the climatic conditions, but to that indefinable something which raises the humblest seller into a big occasion, and two ports and a cherry brandy into a party.

FOR many years Liverpool had as its Clerk of the Course, Mr. E. A. C. Topham, and it was due to his labours that the meeting attained its present standard of excellence. At his much lamented death, two years ago, he was succeeded by Mr. Wood, who has carried on the Topham traditions, while introducing a few innovations of his own. Like his predecessor, Mr. Wood has the happy knack of making us feel that he 's pleased to see us, and not that its frightfully decent of him to let us in.

MR. WOOD is only Clerk of the Course, he is not also "Clerk of the Weather"; if he was, I feel sure he would always command a day like we had on the opening day, when every detail of those far-away fences, Becher's, the Canal Turn, and Valentine's, could be clearly seen from the stands.

UNFORTUNATELY, on that day we only had one steeplechase, and only four runners took part in it. As you all know, Thomond II. and Billy Speck won it for the third year in succession, and, as usual, Jack Anthony entertained a few friends to dinner at the Adelphi; and, late in the evening, there was a great deal of "You 're telling me," "Who says Max doesn't know what he 's talking about?"; "I tell you he was trying for his life at Cheltenham"; "John 's wrong, Sybil 's wrong, Max is wrong, you 're all wrong," etc., etc., etc.

LOTS of other people were in an entertaining mood as well, and after the band had gone to bed, Sir Richard Sykes played the piano, which means it was a good party. No evening at Liverpool is complete unless Sir Richard plays the piano.

ON Grand Sefton day, the "Clerk of the Weather" got one back on the Clerk of the Course, and dished us up a day in keeping with the best Liverpool traditions—a pea-soup fog in the early morning giving place to driving rain which tasted of soot.

JUST to give you some idea of how hard it was raining, I will tell you that at our picnic in the car park, after the first race, I poured my friend Captain Pilkington out a whisky and soda, leaving a good space at the top of the glass, as the Captain hates waste. However, before he could get the glass to his lips—and the Captain has a quick right arm—it was filled to the brim with black rain-water.

UNDER the circumstances, it was, of course, impossible to see anything of the Grand Sefton, and I never used my glasses (the ones I look through) throughout the afternoon. The big race was a great triumph for youthful Sir Ian Walker, who owns and trains Prince Maroc himself.

ALTHOUGH I could see nothing but the fences immediately in front of the stand, I am told Prince Maroc jumped like a stag, and when they reappeared he was lengths clear. No doubt we shall be hearing about him in connection with the National.

I HAVE done some silly things in my time, but I don't think I 've ever approached the stupidity of the people who took 5 to 4 about Delaneige in heavy going, carrying 12 st. 7 lb. But backers on the whole had a real good time, and the Mem, staging one of those come-backs to the Turf for which she is so justly famous, hardly backed a loser. Uncle, on the other hand, with his unerring knack of doing the right thing, had chosen this week to stop betting for the season.

SCIENCE and race-riding can hardly be said to march hand-in-hand, and though Gordon, "Brownie," and others have introduced science into race-riding, you would not refer to them as scientists in the true sense of the word.

MR. DEREK JACKSON, however, combines the two with great success, and though, at the moment, he appears to have spent more time in the laboratory than in the pigskin, he has made great strides in his riding in the last few months, and last week he all but accomplished the ambition of every true racing man and won a race over Liverpool.

FAR be it from me to begrudge Mr. Tweedie his success on Ballybrack, but I do wish that Princess Mir and Mr. Jackson could have hung on just a little bit longer. At the last fence I thought a miracle was sure going to happen, as it did not appear as if they could be caught, and there were frenzied shouts of "Come on, Derek!" from the County Stand; but Princess Mir was tired, and maybe Mr. Jackson was a little tired too, and that was that.

IT suffices for us, therefore, to give Mr. Jackson a resounding pat on the back for a truly gallant performance. Nobody realises his limitations as a horseman better than he does, but he has, of course, a marvellous retort if anyone accuses him of riding a bad race: "Watch Johnny Dines try to split the atom, and see what he makes of it."

RECENTLY a relation told me that he had witnessed the worst case of stopping he had ever seen. My reply was: "If you don't stop talking and writing about it, the connections won't dare run it, and you and I won't be able to have a good win!"

I NEED not have worried, the horse was produced the very next week, and won easily, which was cheeky, to say the least of it. There was, however, no need for the Stewards to ask a question—we all knew the answer—HORSES ARE NOT MACHINES!

Good Masters Make Good Hunting

Some of the New Season's Dictators

In the top row are Lt.-Col. Gordon Colman, Master of the Belvoir since 1930; Mr. George Evans, who has been Master of the H.H. for eight years, and since 1932 Joint-Master with Mr. J. M. Hastings; Lt.-Col. J. G. Lowther, and Capt. R. Macdonald-Buchanan, who has this year joined Col. Lowther in the Mastership of the Pytchley, the latter having been a Joint-Master since 1923. Below are Capt. W. E. Seely, the new Master of the South Notts; Mr. S. G. R. Barratt, Master of the O.B.H. since 1930; Miss A. M. Bickerton, Joint-Master with her brother, Mr. J. Bickerton, of Clifton-on-Teme, since 1932, and also the hon. secretary; Miss Mary Mills, the first woman Joint-Master of the Old Berkshire; Lord Ashton of Hyde, the new Joint-Master of the Heythrop

Women's Golf:

Mostly W.A.S.A.

By Eleanor E. Helme

Miss Isabella Rieben, who has just been appointed resident secretary to the Lady Golfers' Club, Whitehall Court

Mrs. Gerard Fairlie, wife of our men's golf correspondent, and Mrs. Noel Layton, competitors in the W.A.S.A. at Burhill

Competitors in the W.A.S.A. at Burhill

Miss D. Cumberledge and Miss Caldwell, who were among the competitors at Burhill

Miss Kathleen Garnham, another competitor at Burhill, dressed to defy the inclement weather

Dear Bystander,

Quite the most interesting bit of news for you this week is that Miss Isabella Rieben, the Welsh Champion, has been appointed resident secretary to the Lady Golfers' Club in Whitehall Court. That is not in the least of domestic, or even of London interest only. The L.G.C. is largely a gathering place for members from the North and other distant parts of the Kingdom, up in town on such urgent business as Autumn Foursomes, L.G.U. councils, and what not. Then there are overseas visitors, who have every right to expect some headquarters in this country where they can be sure of an understanding golfing welcome from somebody who can go out and give them a game if they want it, listen sympathetically to all their golfing joys and sorrows, arrange and play bridge with them, and see that the Lady Golfers' Club lives up to its name.

All these things Miss Rieben is to do, and it will certainly add enormously to the prestige of the Club that a reigning national champion should be there to do them. Luckily for themselves, herself, and the world of golf, particularly Welsh, they recognise the value of their secretary continuing to be a Somebody in the golfing world; we shall still see Miss Rieben at the biggest events of the year, the Open, the Welsh, Ranelagh International, Worplesdon Foursomes. All that is exactly as it should be, and will make a vast difference to the L.G.C, which ought to become a real live wire in the golfing system.

Miss Rieben was playing in the W.A.S.A. cum "Fairway and Hazard" Open Meeting, held this year at Burhill. It was a sporting effort, for she happened to find herself on the spot with neither her own clubs nor her golfing clothes. She borrowed both, which showed her to be full of enterprise in an emergency, a very valuable asset in any secretary. The first attempt was a trifle disastrous, a pro's clubs are naturally on the heavy side for a lady, and Miss Rieben had a feeling that they swung her, rather than she them. Then she changed to Miss Garnham's, with whom she was playing, and got amazingly good results, only a little too late in the day to repair earlier damage to the card.

There were a lot of good people playing in the W.A.S.A. meeting. By due employment of the squint, which every diligent golfing journalist practices at intervals, I was able to see most of the shots played by Miss Gourlay, as well as by Miss Garnham and Miss Rieben. The strange thing was that I honestly had no idea what a fine score Miss Gourlay was doing. It was all so eminently sound and respectable, and as it should be, that neither she nor I grew really thrilled until it was over. There was one electrifying moment, at the 3rd hole, when, having deviated for a moment from the straight, she had to steer between two obstructive trees, and also to get intentional pull on the finish of the shot to miss a bunker and find the green. She did both to perfection, and so had a really spectacular four. The next incident was a lovely run up at the 5th which appeared stone dead, but she missed the putt, her only slip of the day in that department, though she never once had the aid of one putt. After that, there was really nothing to write about, it was all so good and solid, until a daring second, which scoffed at the trees, found the 17th, and gave her a birdie; and an equally good second at the 18th repeated the dose. All that was 39 out, 36 home, and 75 is one less than the par of the green, one more than her own record for Burhill. Very good indeed.

And Mrs. John Beck (Miss Pim) is one of the most brilliant golfers, with patches of the other stuff. After starting off with a couple of sevens, she took the next nine holes in thirty-four, and finished a gallant second to Molly Gourlay with 79. Miss Garnham and Mrs. M. L. Clarke were both 80.

What do you think of Miss Brenda Norris, a twelve handicap, then coming in with an 81 gross, 69 net? This year was her first (and unluckily her last) appearance in the Girls' Championship. She was not only a semi-finalist in it, but was absolutely undefeated in persuading hapless spectators of the final to put large sums into the National Playing Fields collecting box, a good deed in which she had a noble aider and abettor in Miss Jean Hayes. In the excitement of her Burhill win of the handicap, Miss Norris nobly promised to come and do highwayman again at Stoke next year.

Really, her 40 out and 41 home was a score to be proud of, and I do hope she is going to live up, or play down, to the reduced handicap it earned her.

Needless to say, the whole meeting was a great success. "Fairway and Hazard" (which means Miss H. V Smith, Miss Horrocks and Mrs. Rose, co-opted for the day) and W.A.S.A. (which means Mrs. Goold) make a great combination, and Lady Carisbrooke is such a delightful giver of prizes. What a charming collection they were, too, and immensely set off by a particularly artistic jug of flowers amongst them.

That really is the last of the open meetings. Now we settle down to think over the problems the year has left behind, elect officials (most important of all, delegates to the L.G.U. council), make up parties for the Golf Ball at Grosvenor House on December 12th, and generally put our golfing house in order before 1935. Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.

And About Pictures

People Who Paint, Pose, and Admire

Below: Simon, Lord and Lady Inchcape's small son, being shown by his mother one of the ships painted on the wall in his parents' Culross Street house. Lord Inchcape is a director of the P. and O.

Irishman Paints Welshman

Sir John Lavery working on his portrait of Mr. Lloyd George at Bron-y-de, the latter's home at Churt, in Surrey. It is a little surprising to realise that the artist is seven years older than his sitter, the Irish R.A. being seventy-eight, and the little Welshman seventy-one

Swaebe

Simon Saw a Ship Sailing

Poole, Dublin

Irishwoman Paints American

Above: Mrs. T. O. Jameson, the Irish artist, hanging her picture of Lady Charles Cavendish for her exhibition at the Gallery, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin. Mrs. Jameson, who had a show in London last year, was Joan Musgrave, daughter of the late Sir Richard Musgrave, of Tourin, Co. Waterford

Lord Methuen at Work

Left: Lord Methuen, who has had pictures in the Academy and in the London Group shows, was photographed at Corsham Court, his home in Wiltshire. He paints chiefly oil landscapes of his native West of England country, but he also works in pastel and pen-and-ink, and has done some posters for the Ministry of Agriculture's marketing schemes

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Concerning Mr. Lockhart

By Alan Thomas

MR. BRUCE LOCKHART has the pen of a ready writer. Add to that two other facts. First, that he has had more opportunities than most men of travelling abroad and meeting the chief personalities of Europe; and second, as he himself says, from his early youth he has had an instinctive capacity for extracting the full flavour from an experience. These qualities and opportunities confer upon Mr. Lockhart the right to draw attention to himself. And this right he exercises to the full in his book, *Retreat from Glory* (Putnam; 10s. 6d.).

The period covered is from October, 1918, when he returned from Russia, up to 1929, by which time he had joined the staff of one of Lord Beaverbrook's papers. In the meantime he had served as Commercial Diplomatic Secretary at the British Legation in Prague, and had thereafter embraced the career of a banker. It was not a very long embrace. But then, one gathers, Mr. Lockhart's embraces scarcely ever are. He had also perfected his knowledge of European night-life, achieving what must be the unique distinction of having his name identified with a double cognac.

There are some capital stories in the book, and the atmosphere of post-war Europe is well conveyed. Some of Mr. Lockhart's descriptions—such as that of his visit to the Ruhr during the period of its occupation—are of historical interest. At one time or another he has met nearly all the leading figures of our day. The most poignant picture he draws is that of Stresemann six months before his death, summing up the situation in his now famous dictum: "The youth of Germany, which we might have won for peace and for the new Europe, we both have lost. That is my tragedy and your crime."

But the main theme of Mr. Lockhart's book is Mr. Lockhart. And if you are as interested in Mr. Lockhart as Mr. Lockhart is, you will certainly read Mr. Lockhart's book. And even if you aren't, you will doubtless enjoy learning something—about Mr. Lockhart.

R. H. Bruce Lockhart

Who has lately had published by Putnam's a book of varied reminiscences entitled "Retreat from Glory," which is reviewed on this page by Alan Thomas

IN *Nymph Errant*, Mr. James Laver made a name for himself as a "gay, witty and impudent" writer, and it is inevitable, though perhaps not entirely just, that his new book, *Background for Venus* (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), should be judged by this same standard. On its merits *Background for Venus* is not at all a bad book. I have read many worse. It is the sort of book of which it might be said that the author shows considerable promise, is a man to be watched, and so on. All of which sounds terribly patronising. And why? Simply because Mr. Laver is the author of *Nymph Errant*—beside which *Background for Venus* is nowhere, possessing, as it does, very little gaiety, still less wit and only rather average impudence.

The story deals with the loves, sexual eccentricities, rivalries and moods of the London art-world. The plot hardly carries conviction. The writing is competent but uninspired. The best part of the book lies in the characterisation. The picture of Bella, the model, is particularly good and life-like. I could well understand poor Sam Munday calling her the only Christian he had ever met. Ernest Handelsmann, the American art dealer, also comes to life. I can see him now as he sits at the telephone "his eyes turned up to the ceiling, the whites showing, the fingers of his free hand strumming on the glass-topped table." Jill is what a mistress should be, desirable and accommodating. I wish Mr. Laver had given us a glimpse of the kind of figure she cut as Mrs. Handelsmann—or, rather, of the dance she must have led her husband.

But, in spite of the good points in the book, I cannot avoid the conclusion that *Background for Venus*, as a whole, is disappointing. We expected something rather more mature from Mr. Laver's pen.

MR. RALPH RICKETTS calls his first novel *A Lady Leaves Home* (Methuen; 7s. 6d.), a title which leaves nothing to be desired in the way of descriptive accuracy. Vera Sannerson did indeed leave home; and considering the kind of people she lived among, one can hardly blame her. She was thirty when her father died and left her with a competence and at a loose end. Her first attachment was to her own chauffeur, with whom she eloped to Germany. But Dick Ansell couldn't really fill the bill: besides, he was more interested in an invention he'd thought of for making gear-changing in a car unnecessary than he was in Vera. So he returned to England alone, and Vera remained in Germany, anxious only to cast off all remembrance of her identity and to absorb as much of Life as she could. To this end she became a waitress in "The Green Butterfly, English Teashop." Here she developed her individuality and became conscious of "an added intensity of living." And then one day Sir Hector Wallace, "a stout, red-faced, white-moustached," self-made baronet from the old home village, turned up, and before long popped the question in highly unromantic fashion. But life as Lady Wallace was not all that it might have been, and as for love—well, that, Vera concluded, was an everlasting compromise.

Mr. Ricketts' portrait of Vera is done with genuine feeling, and his descriptive writing is good. In one or two places that eternal vigilance which an author must exercise, particularly with reference to clichés, seems to have been relaxed. The phrase "to leave no possible stone unturned" had better, I think, be left to My Lords of the Treasury. And the verb to hiss, in relation to human utterance, should be used with circumspection. Sir Hector is made to hiss the word "What?" loudly. I wonder how he did it?

But Mr. Ricketts has written a sincere book, full of human interest. I shall look forward to his next.

I CAME across a little volume the other day which should be very useful to anyone in the least interested in gardening. It is called *An Innocent in the Garden*, by Joseph Cabot (Hamish Hamilton; 6s.). It is not a manual on gardening, nor is it a Sentimentalist's Diary. It is "an account of how two beginners undertook a cottage garden, the mistakes they made, the fun they enjoyed and the experience which they gained." The ground covered (if I may use the expression figuratively) ranges from the Tools of the Trade to Lawns, Care of, and from Herbaceous Bordering to Afforestation. The most amusing chapter, from a layman's point of view, is that on Technical Terms. The next time I go into a friend's garden I shall enjoy asking him what he does to get such a "fine tilth" on the soil, and whether he has any difficulty about his "mulches." Indeed, if I knew him well enough, I might also enquire about his "bastard trenches."

On two points I have quite made up my mind. If ever I were to spend a week-end at Mr. and Mrs. Cabot's cottage I should offer neither advice nor help. The latter would be accepted at once and I should spend the week-end wielding their "heaviest graft." And as for the former—well, it would be useless, anyway.

This book, I say, will be of great interest to all amateur gardeners. It is divertingly written and it almost persuaded me to take an interest in my own garden.

Fashions by Jean Burnup

WHATEVER your daytime winter sportings may be, whether you are a casual expert or a painstaking amateur, you 'll need at least one grand dress to dazzle their eyes at nights.

Here it is. Built to stress your slimness, but to show curves where curves have to be. The fullness of the neckline is the only time the dress unbends from severe simplicity. For the rest, it is pink figured lamé, with a low back, and a little train. A clever and lovely frock from Debenham and Freebody. Posed by Mrs. John Hallett. *Tanqueray.*

Charles E. Brown

JAEGER'S suggest: grey flannel trousers, a dead-white double twill coat lacing up at the neck, a bright red and white flannel shirt, a hand-knit woollen headband for cold ears, a waterproof bag for your bits and pieces, tying around the waist, string, wool-lined gloves. Ask for Miss Di Crewdson if you want to know anything about your Alpine equipment. She directs the Winter Sports Department.

At the left is a simple, easy-to-look-at outfit for cutting capers on the ice. Navy woollen skirt of the right fullness, with knicker attached; beige, navy-striped sweater; navy stockinette cap; woollen gloves; beige boots; and cable-stitched woollen stockings. All, including the skates, from Fortnum and Mason.

BURBERRY'S (see the drawing above) are showing guardee ski-ing trousers this year, fulness below the knee, tight down to the ankle.

These are navy and light-blue striped gabardine, which also edges the military-ish jacket, and makes the peaked coster cap. All beautifully tailored, as you expect from this house, which also supplies the waterproof mitts, turtle-necked sweater, heavy woollen socks, boots, skis and ski-sticks.

ENTER Lillywhite's, and you resolve to take up, seriously, every kind of sport, because the clothes they show to wear for them are all so perfect.

Among many attractive ski-ing suits to be found there is the Dorville model on the right. Dark blue gabardine trousers, a white jacket made of a new, rubberised material, a scarlet scarf patterned with little white skis, scarlet hand-knit gloves, and a peaked-back-and-front white cloth cap trimmed with a navy and red ribbon.

Helen Macgregor

Golf Clubs at Home

The St. Andrews Meeting at the Wallasey Golf Club

(1) Dr. Stableford (ex-Captain) and E. B. Royden (ex-Captain). (2) R. E. Kelly, C.B. (Captain), and G. V. Stavert (Secretary). (3) Stewart Deacon (ex-Captain) and J. Boardman (ex-Captain and Chairman Green Committee). (4) E. V. Pugh and T. B. Handley (ex-Captain). (5) W. J. H. Renison (ex-Captain) and L. A. P. Warner (ex-Captain). (6) C. H. Newport and W. Milligan (ex-Captain and Chairman, House Committee). (7) W. Taylor (ex-Captain). (8) Charles S. Walker (Hon. Treas.). (9) E. Gregory (Steward)

A Soldier at Waterloo

"When I was sufficiently recovered to be permitted to take some nourishment, I felt the most extraordinary desire for a glass of Guinness, which I knew could be obtained without difficulty. Upon expressing my wish to the doctor, he told me I might take a small glass . . . . It was not long before I sent for the Guinness and I shall never forget how much I enjoyed it. I thought I had never tasted anything so delightful . . . . I am confident that it contributed more than anything else to the renewal of my strength."

From the Diary of a Cavalry Officer, June, 1815, after being severely wounded at the Battle of Waterloo. ("Long Forgotten Days," by Ethel M. Richardson.)

GUINNESS is good for you

G.E.368.C.

"BYSTANDER" WINTER SPORTS SECTION

Snow in Switzerland

The Brave New World of Winter

More people take to ski-ing seriously every year now, and difficult feats are no longer confined to a few experts. Below is the way to set about it. Right is the ultimate reward

A Ski School at Wengen

Slaloming on Hard Snow

IT was Switzerland that gave most of us our first taste of Winter Sports. The first time that, with infant hands, you strapped on your ski, they seemed embarrassing impedimenta enough; even more embarrassing when, for the first time, your feet started gathering speed twice as quickly as the rest of your body, with all the subsequent complications of disentanglement. But the first time you went all the way with them, discovering as the white world flashed past a sudden new sense of confidence that seemed to exalt you above the common run of humanity, that was a major landmark of experience.

The Bernese Oberland

WHEN I think of all the places I 'd like to go to, the Bernese Oberland always comes well to the front of my mind, because that was the magic password of my first visit. We went to Adelboden, because it was known to be sheltered, sunny, and possessing a sufficient variety of sports facilities to satisfy the most diverse requirements of a large family. Actually, of course, one of its chief claims to distinction is the location there of the Lohner Ski Club, and a very fine run, the Hahnenmoos. The Bonderspitz is a good run, too—but such things didn't concern me vitally at the time of my first visit.

WENGEN is another splendid place in the Oberland. There is no forgetting those three great peaks, the Jungfrau, Mönch and Eiger, towering above it, and the Lauterbrunnen valley far below. Mountain railways came as a boon and a blessing to Wengen, opening up the Wengernalp and Scheidegg snowfields, and making even the Jungfraujoch easily accessible. Better runs than the Männlichen or the Lauberhorn you won't find easily, and going down from Scheidegg to Grindelwald is an expedition that you 'll want to repeat a lot of times before you 've finished. Scheidegg is close on 7000 feet above sea-level and offers splendid snow conditions and slopes of every gradient. It is now possible, I learn, to get a season ticket for the funiculars, which brings almost unlimited pastures new within everybody's reach, and at very reasonable cost.

The race for the British Ski Club Championship, which takes place at the beginning of March, will be the culminating point of this winter's season in these parts, completing a programme that is well filled with ski-ing, jumping, skating, curling, and ice-hockey events from December onwards. Whether your taste is for a simple holiday or for a holiday on the grand scale, you can be sure of finding what you want at Wengen. If your interest centres principally on skating, however, you may consider Grindelwald, not far away, where there is one of the best and biggest skating-rinks in the whole country.

MÜRREN also commands a view of the Lauterbrunnen valley, only from the other side, and, like Wengen, it can also boast the luxury of a mountain railway, the Allmendhübel. It is a fine place for learning, if you want to take the thing seriously, with plenty of good instructors, and the heartening or disheartening example before you (it just depends which way you 're feeling) of plenty of first-rate skiers, who like the quality of its snow.

GSTAAD is another good place; a small, typical Oberland village (but not so small that it hasn't got a fine Hotel and a full quota of social amenities), with excellent ski-ing and a bobsleigh run down the Saanenmöser road, which descends 984 feet in 5 miles. And there are other places in the Oberland, too—Saanenmöser itself, and Zweisimmen, Griesalp and Grimmialp, Kandersteg, and Gurnigel, and high up, between Interlaken and Lucerne, charming little Brünig-Hasliberg. . . . My young imagination didn't let me down with that early attachment to the Bernese Oberland. There isn't room to talk about these places as much as I should like—which makes it all the more fortunate that, under a new and ingenious system, people who are interested can go straight to the telephone and, by ringing up Alpine Sports, Ltd., have broadcast to them every conceivable particular about any resort they choose to specify in the whole of Switzerland.

The Engadine

THE Engadine, of course, stands primarily for St. Moritz, and no one who 's been there forgets what St. Moritz stands for—a fantastic gaiety of life that seems to reflect the glittering brilliance of the whole environment, a feeling as if everybody were living on oxygen. Hotels where words like "comfort" and "cuisine" take on a new meaning, and others, smaller and more quiet, if you are minded that way, where you can divide your whole time just between ski-ing, eating and sleeping, with skating (plenty of large rinks), curling, tobogganing (1320 yards of Cresta Run), or bob-sleighing, thrown in. It is fun, too, taking a sleigh by way of Silvaplana and Sils to Maloja, where there are also some first-rate ski-runs.

(*Continued on page 370*)

Photo: C. Brandt, Arosa

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Alpensonne	40	„	„ 15	Arosa-Kulm	170	„	„ 18
Bellevue	110	„	„ 15	Excelsior	100	„	„ 18
Post & Sport Hotel	70	„	„ 15	Hof-Maran	110	„	„ 18
des Alpes	60	„	„ 16	Neues Waldhotel	125	„	„ 18
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"BYSTANDER" WINTER SPORTS SECTION continued

Above: pursuing shadows: These are telemarks, being executed on the powder snow of the Parsenn

Left: the famous ski-jump "run out" at Arosa, which always attracts a throng of spectators

Below: a splendid study in speed on one of the Grindelwald runs

Samadan and Celerina, in the same neighbourhood, but rather lower down, are popular resorts, too, with good hotels and excellent ski-ing. The trip from Samadan to Diavolezza, returning over the Pers and Monteratsch glaciers, is one that every reasonably experienced skier ought to make at some time or other. But there is plenty for beginners to do as well.

Pontresina, in the same part of the Engadine, is well famed as a touring centre and the home town of that amazing ski-jump, the Bernina Leap.

The Grisons

DAVOS, in the Grisons, was really the "original" winter sports centre, and was already attracting discriminating visitors forty years ago.

If you want a lively holiday you can be sure of getting it at Davos, or at Arosa, too, for that matter. Arosa is a very popular place, with more than a reasonable certainty of good snow conditions from November right into April. There are two good rinks for skating, bandy and curling; an exhilarating two-mile bob-course with banked-up ice curves; and provision is also made for ski-jöring. People seem to go back to Arosa again and again, once they have enjoyed its snow, its sunny climate, its fine, open views, and the completely satisfying comfort of its hotels.

KLOSTERS is another Grisons resort that must also be mentioned. It is easily accessible, well situated, and has been increasing in popularity during the last year or so. Lenzerheide and Flims are also coming places. Dean and Dawson, by the way, have arranged for a special trip to Klosters this Christmas which will enable those who haven't got much time at their disposal to have a nine days' holiday for £11 18s. 6d.

Central Switzerland

IN Central Switzerland are three noteworthy resorts: Rigi-Kaltbad, Engelberg and Andermatt. Rigi-Kaltbad, situated high above the lake of Lucerne, is already known to most summer visitors, but not so many have been to it yet in winter time; Andermatt, which lies right high up on the St. Gothard Pass, is a grand centre for tours, and one of the places where you can always be sure of plenty of snow. Engelberg, among its other attractions, possesses the only covered curling-rink in Switzerland.

The South

AFTER Central Switzerland there is the South. No Winter Sports survey could be completed without mentioning Caux. It has got a fine position directly above Montreux (where everybody always finishes up at the Palace Hotel), with a splendid view over towards the Savoyard Alps. Here will be found facilities for whatever anybody wants to do, even including pigeon-shooting.

Villars, too, with a toboggan-run which is said to be the second finest in Switzerland, would take a lot of beating. Chateau d'Oex and Diablerets are deservedly well-known names, and there is Zermatt, too, which possesses splendid ski-ing grounds both for the expert and for the beginner, and which is dominated by that finest of all mountains, the Matterhorn.

In planning a Swiss trip, it is worth remembering that Cook's can relieve you of a lot of worry and bother. This year they have organised a number of excellent trips, and should you decide to entrust yourself to one of these, you can be sure that not a moment of your time will be wasted.

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KLOSTERS	11 : 18 : 6
MORGINS	12 : 11 : 0
MURREN	11 : 19 : 6
ST. MORITZ	12 : 12 : 0
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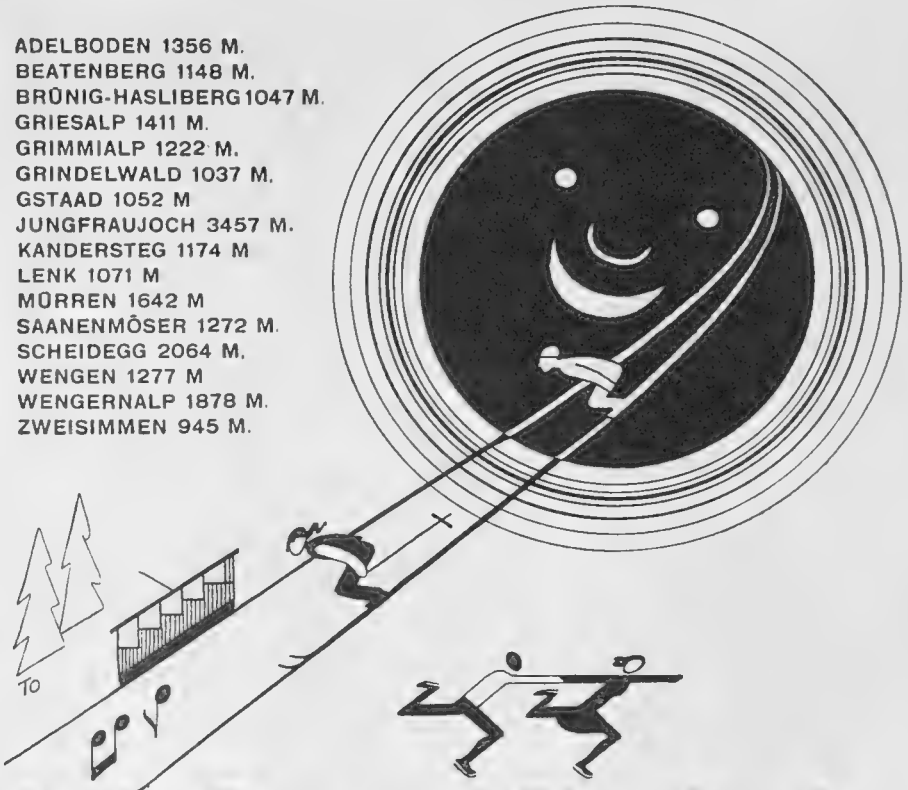

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De-training for the Vosges. An arrival scene at Gérardmer Station

Snow in France

Creating New Resorts

IN France the Vosges is a comparatively new arrival in the field of Winter Sports centres, and it is not difficult to predict that the district has a great future before it. Although these mountains lack the magnificence of the High Alps, there is no doubt that the heavy snowfalls they experience, and the smoothness of their undulating contours, make them a splendid ski-ing ground for the real enthusiast. They are easily accessible by train from Paris, and the French Eastern Railways make very substantial fare reductions on this journey during the Winter Sports season. Gérardmer is one of the best-known resorts, and the opportunities it affords for skating, lugeing and jumping leave nothing to be desired. There are some fine expeditions to be made, too, to such points as Hohneck and Rain Kopf.

NORTH of this district, and no less attractive, is St. Dié, within easy reach of the Col du Bonhomme, the Hautes-Chaumes and Lac Blanc, all of them at altitudes between three and four thousand feet. Lac Blanc, the final approach to which is made by a caterpillar car, is only eight hours distant from Paris.

TO the South of it is the valley of the Haute-Moselette, with Ventron as its centre, and good expeditions to Grand Drumont and Grand Ventron, both of which are four thousand feet above sea-level.

FINALLY comes the Haute Moselle, and here the best-known places are Bussang, Saint-Maurice and Wesserling. From this last-named the famous Markstein runs are easily accessible, and there is also good jumping in the neighbourhood. Round here, in the neighbourhood of the highest points of the Vosges, are also the Lac de Lauch, the Grand Ballon and the Rossberg—all of them names to be noted.

THE Mont Blanc district, of course, will always remain a favourite with some people, and Chamonix draws its elegant thousands every year. Those who want to break entirely new ground, however, will do well to consider the Pyrenees Of the Pyrenean resorts Luchon-Superbagnères is perhaps the most famous, and as it is 6000 feet above sea level and enjoys a marvellously clear atmosphere, even the most exacting Winter Sportsman won't be able to find much to complain about. The Hotel de Superbagnères is particularly comfortable, and incidentally runs a special ski-school for beginners, under Tyrolese instructors. Font Romeau, to the south-east, is another good place which is beginning to attract more skiers every year, and other names to be taken into consideration are Eaux-Bonnes-Gourette, Barèges, Bagnères de Bigorre and Cauterets. All these places enjoy a splendid winter climate.

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"BYSTANDER" WINTER SPORTS SECTION continued

Snow in Norway

The Place Where Ski-ing Started

One of the finest peaks in Western Norway, the Romdalshorn. This is an ideal country for extended tours

NORWAY isn't really as far away as it seems. You can get from Newcastle to Bergen, and comfortably, too, by the B. and N. Line, in less than twenty-four hours, and from there quite easily to all the important Winter Sports Centres. Rail and motor connections are good in Norway, hotels are good in Norway—that is, if you're content with comfort, cleanliness and excellent food—and the ski-ing is superlatively good in Norway. It is not an expensive place to go to, either. If you travel first class on the steamer and second class on the train, you can reckon on covering a fortnight's holiday there with about £20. This country, seen under snow, possesses an extraordinary attraction, and while I can think of no keener pleasure than a long day on ski through its lonely, lovely landscape, there is plenty to do in the neighbourhood of the hotels themselves if you don't care to go far afield. Finse is one of the best-known places, and highest above sea-level. There is a fine hotel there and an enormous skating-rink, and the snow is good from November until May. A famous district which lies just north of Oslo, and is much patronised by people living in the capital, is the Nordmarken Woods, where is situated the magnificent Holmenkollen Jump.

THE international Ski-Jumping Competitions here, which generally take place in February, are an event of both sporting and social importance. The King and Queen of Norway make a point of being present, and the spectators are usually about two hundred thousand strong. Oslo itself possesses some excellent skating-rinks, which are illuminated at night, and there is also a fine toboggan-run.

IN practically every resort you will find good skating-rinks, dotted with the smallest of small children performing incredible feats of agility. Norwegian children seem to have an almost superhuman faculty for disporting themselves on snow and ice—but as they start almost as soon as they leave the cradle, I suppose that's only to be expected.

THEN there is Mjölfjell, which is charming, and which has some excellent slopes. Then there are Lillehammer and Hösbjör, both situated on Lake Mjösa—and other places too numerous all to be mentioned by name, where you are always assured of a warm welcome and invigorating sport. But I cannot close without mentioning Bessheim, situated in the Jotunheim Mountains, on the Oslo-Trondheim Line: it well repays a visit

THERE is no place like Norway for enjoying really first-class winter sports. In the clear, crisp Northern air and brilliant sunshine you don't feel the cold.
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"Langlauf" Bandeau. Designed with cross strappings over head. In Black or Navy. Price **2/6**

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Count Galeazzo Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law, the Italian Under-Secretary of State for Press and Propaganda, leaving the aerodrome after the solo flight which qualified him for his pilot's certificate

Neusel in Training

Walter Neusel, the German heavy-weight, showing the punch ball who's winner at Lane's Club, where he is in training for his fight with Len Harvey at Wembley

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

MANY months ago I told you of the way in which the Rugby Union code was capturing the United States. The visit of Cambridge University to America in the early part of this year gave our friends across the Atlantic a new conception of our winter game. And, as they would put it, they "fell for it."

If I may do some pardonable crowing, I would jog your memory and recall how I gave the first news of America's desire to see more of England's leading "Rugger" clubs. Well, I hear now that Mr. Albert Woodley, secretary of the Eastern Rugby Association, is over here with the one idea of fixing up an American tour either for Oxford or Cambridge.

I gather that the Americans would like to see Oxford this time—matches would be played next spring—but that, failing the Dark Blues, Cambridge will again be invited. These trans-Atlantic visits, of course, are pretty expensive affairs; but if ways and means can be found, then I earnestly hope that one of the Universities will make the trip. For, believe me, more can be done to overcome Anglo-American misunderstandings through sport than by a whole series of solemn conferences between statesmen. Not that I think a game of Rugby is going to settle the American Debt! But I do know that it will give the Americans a very good idea of the sort of folk we are when we've got our jackets off and are well down to a job of play.

ONE thing I do earnestly hope, however: that is, that these matches between English and American teams will not become the horribly important affairs some of our "Soccer" folk made the recent England-Italy struggle. What ballyhoo was written before that match at Highbury! Judging by some of our jazz sports journalists, it was the most critical phase in our history since—well, since the leg-theory bowling bother! We had to win; we had to show 'em just how great was England's might. What bunk it was! And the Italians, bless them, were even more concerned over the game.

Yet here we are, with the match over. We know the result: the world goes on spinning as before, day follows night, and Rome stands where she did. Yes; what tomfoolery is written—and talked—about these international clashes in sport! Sanity in sport is what is needed just now; let you and me and the fellow who travels to town with us in the 8.40 remember that.

BY the way, apart from the Italians' test in the November mud, the outstanding thing in "Soccer" these last few days was the transfer of Hugh Gallacher, the little Scottish centre-forward, from Chelsea to Derby County. Gallacher, I thought, never quite fitted into the scheme of things at Chelsea—the "Stamford Bridge of Sighs," they call it now.

Keeping His Foot Down

Dan Maskell, the English professional champion practises his service with an extra racquet to stop his right foot coming up too soon. He is the only English competitor in the Lawn Tennis Professional Championships at Wembley this week

The London club secured his transfer from Newcastle United four years ago at a fee of £10,000. There are those who say that Chelsea did not strike a very good bargain—that Gallacher cost them something like £2500 a year, as it were. But I am willing to bet that the Stamford Bridge officials are quite satisfied, for Gallacher was a certain gate-drawing personality. They saw every penny, and more, of his transfer fee come back their way through the turnstiles.

And I know that Mr. George Jobey, the Derby County manager, feels that it will not be long before his club have wiped off the cash they paid for Gallacher. Indeed, I am told that Derby's official believes that the fee paid to Chelsea will be cancelled out in the increased receipts from four or five home matches in which Gallacher plays. There is every reason to believe that Mr. Jobey is right; in the first game Gallacher played for his new club, the attendance figures were up by 4000—and this on a day when England was swept by rain!

NOW I am riding my hobby-horse. For the cash side of sport never ceases to fascinate me. Look at the

money which comes in from Test Matches, big "Soccer" and Rugby games, and from Wimbledon tennis. Then, against this, see what is paid to the men and women whose star value and popularity is sufficient to bring the crowds in their hundreds and thousands clicking past the turnstiles!

FIRST there is professional football. The Arsenal made something like £30,000 profit a season ago, yet the most their star players can receive is £8 a week and a £2 bonus for every match won. Again, there has been a profit from international football of about £7000 a year; all this money has gone into the Football Association's cash-box—a tidy sum, you 'll admit. Yet England players are only paid £6 a match!

TAKE a look at cricket for a moment and you 'll see just how small is the amount received by Test Match players. The Australians' share of the recent series was something like £30,000; yet their players got only £600 for the tour, together, of course, with their expenses. Against this £600 of the Australian "amateurs," England's professionals receive between £400 and £450 when they go Test adventuring "down under," while amateurs only get their expenses. So there we see just the "cut" the players are given from the very substantial £60,000 or so which is obtained from nearly every Test series, whether here or in Australia.

WHAT about Wimbledon? Well, I believe that the stars of the tournament are allowed their expenses, but further than that there is nothing coming from those staging the championships. And Wimbledon, year by year, grows richer and richer, without, it seems, putting so very much back into the game. The Lawn Tennis Association should, I assert, give more attention to coaching schemes among the counties: by a more extensive policy in that direction, they would be turning the immense profits from Wimbledon to good use.

I SUPPOSE that it is in boxing that one finds the performer gaining the cash as well as the glory, though the trail of broken-down pugilists would, at times, lead one to believe that every champion does not make much for himself. The trouble is, of course, that your fighter often has too many good friends around him: they take his money in the good times and leave him when he 's out of funds.

Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney have been wiser than some champions. Both reached the million-dollar class—and both hung on to their money. The very genial Dempsey—it was only the publicity drum-beaters who made him into the "Mauler"—was probably hit by the slump, but I understand that he has got back among the big money again by way of fight promoting. As for Tunney, since his fistic days have been done he has lived a life of considerable comfort on quite a fat fortune.

BUT those fighting men are finished. What about some who are still conjuring up cash by way of their fists? There is Len Harvey, one of the most likeable and modest fighters it has been my lot to meet. Harvey has made money—and is making money. More, when he thinks of packing away his boxing-gloves for good, he will be able to sit back in comfort.

But retirement is a long way ahead. And just now, if you saw Harvey down at his training camp in Windsor, you 'd not be very popular if you mentioned the time when he would be finishing with the ring. Harvey is going great guns in preparation for his contest against the German heavy-weight, Walter Neusel, at Wembley on November 26.

THIS is one of the severest tests yet for the former British champion. Not so very long ago, Neusel blazed new trails in the States, and so impressed the critics that there was talk of his being given a world's title fight with Max Baer. However, Neusel came home to have a crack at Max Schmeling, an ex-champion heavy-weight, before thinking of tackling Baer. And Schmeling, much to everyone's surprise, gave him an awful beating at Hamburg.

NEUSEL is setting out to re-establish himself in the heavy-weight class, and will be desperately eager to beat Harvey. On the face of it, the Englishman looks to lack weight and power of punch against the German; but, on the other hand, I feel that in the matter of experience and tactical skill he has Neusel badly beaten. Anyhow, I am taking Harvey to win on points, and to go on still further to gain his ultimate object—another crack at Jack Petersen for the British heavy-weight crown.

The Nineteenth Club Meeting for the "Golf Illustrated" Challenge Cup

Above, left: W. H. Bermingham and Dr. A. H. Knowles on their way to the first tee. Above: R. Williams and M. C. Martin waiting to start

R. W. Ripley and C. J. Bolton starting off, waterproof jackets on arm

O. D. Evans and H. J. Prest were two more Nineteenth Club competitors

A Great Game at Cambridge

Cambridge get the ball in a line-out during their match with Swansea, which the Welsh visitors won, after playing a brilliant game, by 18—5

R. F. Price won the "Golf Illustrated" Championship Cup with a score of 80−8=72

John W. Bealey, Rex Hartley and Peter Sheppard, the secretary of Selsdon Park, where the Nineteenth Club meeting was held

N. C. Selway and J. W. B. Nicol were the pair who won the foursomes competition over nine holes, with a net score of 37½

The Nineteenth Club in Action at Selsdon Park

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

An Easy Job?

SINCE—only too many years ago—I started to write about golf, I have been the constant victim of that type of friend who makes no secret of the fact that I have got an easy job. For years now I have secretly made up my mind that, some day, I would rend him to pieces in print: for, honestly, can you imagine a more deplorably revolting statement than something like the following: "Of course, you have to have the knack of stringing words together, but, granted that you have, then it's easy money to string a few together every week about golf"? Ye gods! How I wish these well-meaning nincompoops could have the job—if only for three weeks!

"Granted that you have the knack of stringing words together." True enough there, but what underlies the statement? Just this: the "knack" of writing is essential, of course, and is a gift from Providence; but the knack of writing is in itself only too insufficient. Only those with "the knack" have the smallest chance of success, but they must work to discover, by bitter experience (in the form of editorial rejection-slips), exactly how that knack must be applied. Let me make myself clear: somebody may be able to write a very good letter, and his friends may tell him that he should make use of his obvious gift. He tries . . . he writes a tentative article. What happens? Ten to one "the Editor regrets." He is surprised; but why? Would he expect to draw the plans for a house just as well, with no experience, as a qualified architect? His surprise presupposes the same conceit; his article is probably in palpably good English, but that means practically nothing at all; it is almost certainly lacking in form, and in qualities. By that word "qualities," I intend to infer "readability," "provocation," "adaptability," and a host of other essential factors to the really successful newspaper article.

NO man can always be perfect, and therefore no man, no matter how experienced, can always write a good article. The man who most often does so is the best journalist, and his average is very high at seventy-five per cent. If he is tied down to one subject, his average must be considerably less.

Yet the man in the street—or in the clubs, may they rest in turmoil!—continue to say: "Gee! I wish I had *your* job: you go where you like . . . no stuffy office for you . . . you write about the game and make your living out of it. What a simple life! *Gee*, I *wish* I had *your* job!"

So do I. Only for a short time, of course. Otherwise, there would be no job to come back to.

Do they realise—these dear idiots—that to find something *new* to say about golf fifty-two times a year is a pretty stiff task? Do they realise the inevitable staleness—and sameness—which every golf critic must suffer, and live through? Do they realise the real aversion for the game itself which its servants—professionals, writers, and all the rest even remotely connected—must suffer at recurring intervals?

I say, without hesitation, that there are times—since I started to write about the game—when I have hated golf. It is a blow to have to confess to that—yet it is true. And all because I know perfectly well that the butter on my bread is found that way—because there will be no butter unless I am interesting—and keep on being interesting (and/or provocative) at least once a week, every Monday, for about a thousand words.

I HATE writing for any length of time about anything I like. The result is always the same—that I end up bored stiff with my subject. Actually, I have lived through my boredom with golf—I am as keen as I was before I started to spill ink and spoil paper on the game. Probably I could go on now for ever, and find no real aversion stealing back into my mind. But it has taken ten years for me to live through it—ten years of more or less constant writings. So I shall be very glad of the rest which is to come to me, I hope, very shortly.

In that ten years I have known what it was to try to get out of a game of golf—all because I have been bored stiff with the necessity of making mental notes all the time, of incidents or points of view, for publication later.

THEY say that every man would exchange his job for another. I wonder how true this is? Not very, I take leave to state. A man in an office may have a very boring life—perhaps far more boring than the life I should lead were I a golfing journalist pure and simple. But he is not faced with the necessity of writing at least a thousand words on the same subject every week; he is not faced with the comparative necessity of being even remotely polite to the type of individual who, knowing you are connected with the Press, insists on telling you every detail of his desperately uninteresting round; he is not governed by certain unwritten laws whereby your best story cannot be written up for publication, no matter how much it deserves to be. And he cannot make the sort of mistake which will land a paper into a big action for libel which will have to be settled out of court—most expensively—and will result in his instant dismissal.

On the other hand, he has to sit at a beastly desk all day: he never sees the sun or a lovely summer day; he can never observe the green of the greens in spring, or the brown of the trees in autumn—*his* only flashes of colour are probably in the shade of blotting-paper affected by his firm. And that seat at the desk is pretty hard—perhaps the life I lead isn't so bad, after all.

YES, you are perfectly right: there is nothing that I can think of to write about in the golf line this week. Sorry you've been troubled—if you've got this far.

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Cars with a Personality

The "Twenty-70" Hillman

The 1935 Hillman radiator is of a new type, although obviously destined to become familiar. The graceful lines and good proportions of the car are in evidence from this angle

The "Twenty-70" Hillman belongs to that increasingly popular class of cars which combines really comfortable dimensions with reasonable price. With de luxe fittings, this model costs only £295

The back seat provides really comfortable space, and, with the arm-rest raised, three people can sit abreast. There is sufficient leg-room to make the foot-rests a genuine asset

Right: many good features are visible in this picture. The windscreen opens to a sensible angle, and there are effective ventilating panels in the windows. The sun-visor is of a simple but very useful type

By The Earl of Cardigan

A LARGE 20-h.p. car, selling for less than £300, must naturally attract a great deal of attention. It is not solely for its moderate price, however, that the "Twenty-70" Hillman deserves to be known. During a recent week-end run, in which I covered a considerable mileage, I was able to appreciate a great many other and less obvious virtues.

For example, I discovered that there are few cars more comfortable to drive than this new Hillman. One expects a large car to be restful; but in this case it was the extreme smoothness of the engine, no less than the substantial build of the chassis, which seemed to eliminate the fatigue of driving. In addition, the instant responsiveness and speed of acceleration were factors which inspired a pleasant sense of confidence.

THE "Twenty-70" engine is, of course, a "six," having side valves and a rating of 21 h.p. Without loss of smoothness, it can achieve impressively high road speeds. On more than one occasion I was able to record 80 m.p.h. with a speedometer which was, no doubt, optimistic, but not grossly so. A genuine 75 m.p.h. is probably the maximum in top gear, while a very comfortable cruising speed may be found as high as 55 or 60 m.p.h.

FOR a car which does not advertise itself as being in the "sporting" class, these are wonderfully good figures. In third gear, 55 m.p.h. can be reached. The gear-box provides synchro-mesh engagement for both third and top ratios, while second gear, although lacking this assistance, is notably simple to use. The change "down" to second can scarcely be bungled by any competent driver, and this is very helpful on acute corners.

Road-holding is good, and the springing is very comfortable. I was able to test the latter point very effectively over rough, untarred roads, and the effect of pot-holes proved almost negligible at ordinary speeds. The coachwork, of course, is very spacious, so that passengers enjoy a genuine degree of luxury which they can hardly fail to appreciate.

THE steering is very easy and definite. It is geared rather low, but has a pronounced self-centring action which is a distinct asset to the driver. The brakes, which are of Servo type, give very great stopping power. At low speeds, their action may seem a trifle abrupt; but one soon learns to apply a gentle pedal pressure, in which case the results are admirably effective.

ANOTHER good point which revealed itself was the exceptional readiness of the engine to start up from cold. On three mornings in succession, I found it necessary to engage the starter only for a bare couple of seconds. Altogether, this new Hillman presents an impressive combination of motoring virtues at the very low price, for the De Luxe model illustrated, of £295.

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More Long-Distance Flights

By Charles Ward

Shell Photo

Roy Minor, with "Miss Los Angeles," which has a top speed of 250 miles an hour, though using no more than 300 horse-power. Built for racing, it is essentially a 'plane for the experienced pilot

Los Angeles to New York in Twelve Hours

THE speed of the "Douglas" during the flight to Australia, which created so much surprise in this country, has been accepted in the States for more than two years. A recent journey from Los Angeles to New York at 219 miles an hour average speed illustrates the tremendous difference between air transport operations over there and in Europe. Captain Rickenbacker, who also held the previous "coast to coast" record with a commercial liner, had with him six passengers, and made one stop across the continent—at Kansas City. The flight was made at an altitude between 12,000 and 17,000 feet, both the passengers and crew being supplied with oxygen. Mr. Charles Ulm has left England for America with an Airspeed "Envoy" for a journey across the Pacific to Australia. He was with Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith in 1928 during the first trans-Pacific flight, and on this occasion will follow the same route as that taken by Kingsford-Smith last month for his trip in the reverse direction. The object of Ulm's flight is to survey the air route between Canada and Australia, and for this purpose the "Envoy" has been equipped to fly a maximum of 3500 miles non-stop. The Dutch are planning a regular service to South America and K.L.M. has arranged a Christmas mail flight to Dutch Guiana via Casablanca and Cape Verde Islands. The next British attempt on a record flight is likely to be made this week by Cathcart-Jones and Waller, who intend to lower the Mollisons' time to Cape Town. Their "Comet" should be capable of making the journey comfortably in three days, even following the long, All-Red route via Egypt and Kenya.

Around the Clubs and Aerodromes

THE R.A.F. Flying Club, which operates at Hatfield, has made special provision to admit serving officers as members, and the facilities available have been greatly appreciated, particularly by those who visit London infrequently, and by officers from the Dominions over here for short periods. The London Club's annual dinner and dance is to be held at the Park Lane Hotel on Friday, December 14th. Colonel Shelmerdine, the D.C.A., will present the various challenge cups won in competitions during the year. As the result of a very successful dance organised by the Herts and Essex Club at Broxbourne last month, it is proposed to declare a party once a month. The Club flew 174 hours during October, and twelve new members were elected. The first dance of the season at Brooklands started with fireworks and ended in the usual manner with bacon and eggs in the small hours. General A. C. Lewin has been taking the instrument flying course at Hamble in preparation for a journey to Kenya in a Miles "Hawk Major." The noteworthy success of the "Hawk" in the Australian Race has resulted in greatly-increased business at Reading, and the "Falcon"—the most recent of the Miles family—is assured a good sale for next season. As an illustration of the care taken by Imperial Airways to enable their pilots to be up-to-date, three of their senior Captains—Dismore, Wilcockson, and Rogers—have just completed the special instrument flying course at the A.S.T. School, Hamble.

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Anne Grey Shares a Secret

Cold weather spells disaster to many otherwise beautiful hands. But a new preparation has been discovered, by which rough hands or even badly chapped hands can easily be remedied. It is called VELDEW, and just before retiring for the night you rub a few drops into the hands—not a two minutes' job. "I think Veldew is a wonderful discovery," writes Miss Anne Grey, "just a few drops well rubbed into the hands last thing at night takes up so little time and keeps the hands as soft and smooth as satin." Veldew is a beauty specialist's recipe. A two months' supply in a dainty toilet-flask costs only 2/-; or there is the trial size at 1/3. Any good-class chemist will supply you.

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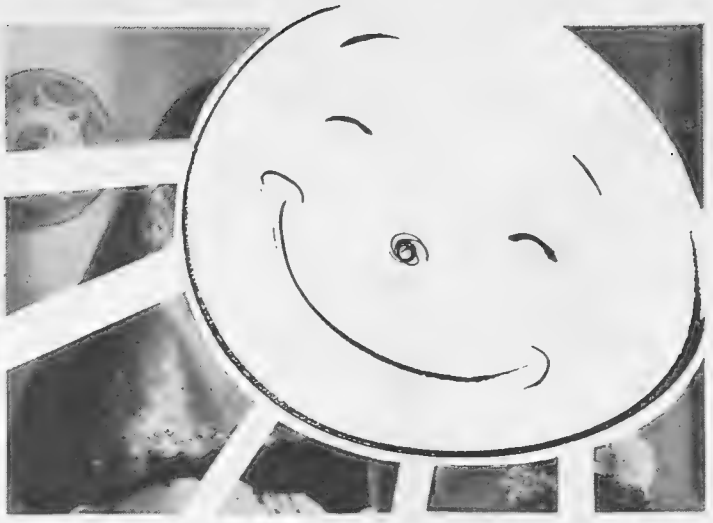

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Valerie and Clemson

The rumba experts who are appearing at the Winter Rose Ball at Grosvenor House to-morrow night. Clemson and Valerie are the dance host and hostess at the Palace Hotel, Torquay; they are the original exponents of the rumba and first introduced the correct steps to English dance floors

The Editor's Box

Swiss Holiday Economics

The Swiss hotel industry's decision to pay a uniform rate of exchange, sixteen Swiss francs for £1, from December 5th to April 15th, has charmed away care from not a few English hearts. The fluctuating exchange, which always seemed to fluctuate against England just as there were bills and so on to be paid, made a Swiss holiday too serious a consideration for a good many people who had been regularly accustomed to exercising their skis on the Alps. Even the 30 per cent. to 45 per cent. reduction on railway fares, and the week-end return tickets at single fares, weren't sufficient compensation for the fall of the pound.

Now, however, everyone knows where they are; and expenses of the two, three or four week winter-sports excursion can be calculated in advance to within a franc or two. In fact, English winter-sports fans stand where they did; the indulgence of their annual passion costs them just about the same as when the pound was worth twenty-five francs.

Hunting Guides

Baily's Hunting Directory and *The Hunting Diary and Guide* for the 1934-5 season are just out. It 's not necessary to recommend these two books; they 're almost as essential to a hunting household as a horse.

Of the two, Baily's is slightly the more official. 561 Hunts are dealt with, including 163 Overseas packs, with their histories, Masters, hunt servants, hounds, country, subscriptions, dress. A review of the past season, reports of Hunt Associations' annual meetings, awards at hound and puppy shows, a section on point-to-points, a hunting diary, are other features, and the whole is excellently indexed. Price 10s. 6d. and 15s.; publishers, Vinton and Co., Ltd., 8, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, E.C.4. The *Hunting Diary and Guide* provides a diary, interleaved with blotting paper, which is conducive to rather fuller entries for each day. The information on all matters connected with hunting is presented very concisely under well-arranged headings. The review of last season's sport is a satisfactorily full one, and throughout the book there are pleasant photographic illustrations of typical hunting scenes. Price, 5s.; publishers, Walter Goldsmith and Co., Ltd., 46, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.2.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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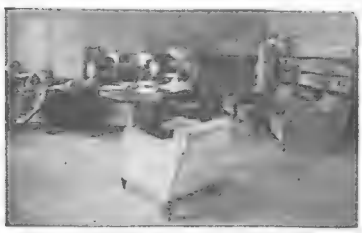

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PARLIAMENT

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THE THEATRE

Plays

AS YOU DESIRE ME.—An interesting performance by Jean Forbes-Robertson in Pirandello's play, with Peter Godfrey, Clifford Bartlett, Kynaston Reeves: Royalty, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.40.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife, in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; excellent entertainment: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DING AND CO.—A play by C. K. Munro, with Ronald Adam, Vernon Sylvaine: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

EDEN END.—Priestley's play, about a North Country family, is one for all theatre-lovers to see and discuss; the acting of this "slice of life" is very fine; Edward Irwin, Ralph Richardson, Beatrix Lehmann, Alison Leggatt head the cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

HAMLET.—John Gielgud as Hamlet, Frank Vosper as Claudius, Laurie Cowie as the Queen, Jessica Tandy as Ophelia, Jack Hawkins as Horatio, and William Devlin as the Ghost: New, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.15.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, with a good trial scene before the Medical Council; George Relph as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVER'S LEAP.—A gay and pleasant entertainment, with Owen Nares as a husband, Nora Swinburne as his wife, and Ursula Jeans and Walter Hudd as a half-hearted courting couple.: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MOONLIGHT IS SILVER.—Gertrude Lawrence gay and graceful as the wife, Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., as her jealous husband, Barry Jones excellent as her supposed lover, in Clemence Dane's drawing-room comedy: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—Mary Newcombe as Beatrice, Maurice Evans as Benedick, Abram Sofaer as Don Pedro in a production that 's pantomimic but full of vitality: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

THE SHINING HOUR.—High drama on a Yorkshire farm, with Raymond Massey as the farmer, Adrienne Allen as his loving wife, Gladys Cooper as the sister-in-law he loves; the play (by Keith Winter) and the acting spell success: St. James's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Jay Mallory's unconvincing and novelette plot made credible by Diana Wynyard's fine acting, and good work by Hartley Power and Kathleen Wilson: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Marie Tempest, Madge Titheradge, and Margaret Vines all at their best as three generations of a theatrical family; Laurence Olivier dashing as a screen lover; the theme is grease paint versus ordinary life: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE WISE WOMAN.—A big part for Mary Clare as a fashionable fortune-teller; Hugh E. Wright excellent as the bibulous husband; the acting is better than the play: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

YOUNG MR. DISRAELI.—Derrick de Marney as young Disraeli and Sophie Stewart as Mrs. Wyndham Lewis in Elswyth Thane's pleasant romance: Kingsway, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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With Music

BLACKBIRDS OF 1934.—An all-black revue hurled across with lightning speed, rhythm, and slickness; Lew Leslie conducts the band; Valaida, Edith Wilson, Tim Moore, Louise Madison, Nyas Berry, Peg-Leg Bates are some of the stars: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

HI-DIDDLE-DIDDLE!—June, Douglas Byng, and Reginald Gardiner in an attractively decorated but unevenly amusing revue: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LUCKY BREAK.—It 's mostly Leslie Henson at his side-cracking funniest; others in this grand absurdity are Heather Thatcher, June Clyde, David Hutcheson: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MERRIE ENGLAND.—Revival of Edward German's light opera. Nancy Fraser, Dennis Hoey, Enid Cruikshank, Rosalind Fuller, W. S. Percy in the cast, with Herman Finck in the conductor's chair: Prince's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUEDEVILLE No. 50.—Gus Chevalier, Kenneth Blain, and Edna Thompson, Morgan Davies, Milne and West, Eric Woodburn: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

SPORTING LOVE.—In this all-laughing success are Stanley Lupino as king-laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

STREAMLINE.—The new Cochran revue, full of brilliant dancing, and good humour, with a huge star cast; Tilly Losch, Florence Desmond, Meg Lemmonier, Nora Howard, Charles Heslop, Esmond Knight, and innumerable others: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ADMIRALS ALL.—Luara la Plante as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy; Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN MAYFAIR.—Ivor Novello in his own play as a pianist, Edna Best as the wild woman who vamped him and was murdered, Fay Compton as a consoling Duchess; the setting is a Mayfair Mews, which explains all: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—Bernard Lee is the hero of this most successful of crook plays, which has run for over two years: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Claire Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights and Matinées

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.—John van Druten's new play is a love story with an anti-war flavour; Gwen Ffrançon-Davies, Marda Vanne and Stephen Haggard are in it: Whitehall, to-night.

MARY READ.—Flora Robson as the eighteenth-century woman pirate; Robert Donat, Claude Allister and Iris Hoey, in James Bridie's play: His Majesty's, November 21st.

FOR EVER.—Noel Langley's play about Dante, with Eric Portman as the poet, Margaretta Scott as Beatrice, Denis Blakelock as her husband: Shaftesbury, November 21st.

HALF A CROWN.—Sydney Howard as a grocer who became a king, Malcolm Keen, Eileen Peel, Eliot Makeham: Aldwych, November 22nd.

THE MOON IN THE YELLOW RIVER.—Denis Johnston's Malvern and Westminster success; a tragi-comedy in an Irish setting: Haymarket, November 23rd.

"GERALD DU MAURIER" MATINÉE.—George du Maurier *Punch* cartoons reproduced; scenes from *Dear Brutus*, *A Kiss for Cinderella*, and *Trilby*, with an all-star cast; in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund: His Majesty's, November 22nd, 2.45.

CINEMAS

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK.—Ronald Colman as the dashing hero, Loretta Young as the heroine: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE CAMELS ARE COMING.—Jack Hulbert's new film, where he gets loose in Egypt; Anna Lee is the girl: New Gallery.

CARAVAN.—Erik Charell's gypsy musical piece, with Loretta Young, Charles Boyer, Phillip Holmes, and Jean Parker: Curzon.

THE CAT'S PAW.—The latest fantasia of another of the world's king funny-men—Harold Lloyd: Capitol.

LE DERNIER MILLIARDAIRE.—René Clair's new masterpiece, as gay as and more satirical than ever: Academy.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE.—Fine acting by Leslie Howard in the film of Maugham's novel; Bette Davis and Frances Dee are the bad and the good women: Regal.

THE LAST GENTLEMAN.—In George Arliss's last Hollywood film he is an American grandfather, full of eccentric humour and crabbed shrewdness: Leicester Square.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE.—Another and excellent singing love-tale, with Grace Moore as the chief singer, plus Lyle Talbot, and Tullio Carminati: Carlton.

THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD.—Miriam Hopkins very fetching as the poor little rich girl, with Fay Wray as foil, and Joel McCrea as the boy-friend: Plaza.

WE LIVE AGAIN.—Anna Sten gives a fine performance as the peasant girl in the film of Tolstoy's *Resurrection*; Fredric March plays opposite her: London Pavilion.

A WOMAN OF THE WORLD.—Constance Bennett and Herbert Marshall are the stars, plus Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Hugh Williams, Elizabeth Allan: Empire.

THE WORLD MOVES ON.—Madeleine Carroll's big Hollywood picture, with Franchot Tone playing opposite her; in the *Cavalcade* style: Tivoli.

OPERA AND BALLET

AT SADLER'S WELLS—

LE LAC DES CYGNES.—Gala performance in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital: To-night, 8.30.

THE SNOW MAIDEN: November 21st, 7.45.

DIE FLEDERMAUS: November 22nd, 8.

CARMEN: November 23rd, 8.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI: November 24th, 2.30.

FAUST: With full ballet: November 24th, 8.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS: Royal Institute Galleries.

THE LONDON GROUP: New Burlington Galleries.

"SUNDAY TIMES" BOOK EXHIBITION: Grosvenor House.

ROYAL SCHOOL OF NEEDLEWORK: 45, Park Lane, November 21st—22nd.

ARTS AND CRAFTS, to-day and yesterday: Central Hall, Westminster, to November 24th.

ARMISTICE EXHIBITION.—And sale of goods made by war-disabled men: Imperial Institute, South Kensington, to November 22nd.

PUBLIC HEALTH: Agricultural Hall, to November 24th.

BRITISH CARNATION SOCIETY: Horticultural Hall, November 21st—22nd.

(Continued on page C)

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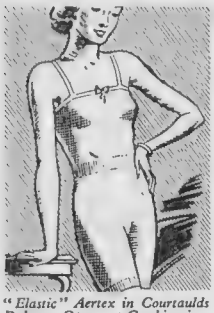

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What's On

(Continued from page B)

MUSIC

Orchestral

R.P.S.—Sir Hamilton Harty conducts the L.P.O.; Berlioz, Mozart (Divertimento), Harty's Violin Concerto (soloist, Paul Beard), Brahms' Fourth Symphony: Queen's Hall, November 22nd, 8.15.

Beecham Sunday Concert.—Beecham conducts the L.P.O.; Weber's *Oberon* Overture, Tchaikowski's Piano Concerto No. 1 (Simon Barer), and Sibelius' Second Symphony: Queen's Hall, November 25, 3.15.

Recitals

Solvig Hartley.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 8.30.

Vaughan Welsh.—First Lieder recital: Æolian Hall, to-night, 8.30.

Mark Raphael.—Song recital: Æolian Hall, November 21st, 8.30.

Dorian Trio.—Buxtehude, Dvorak, Mozart, Brahms: Wigmore Hall, November 21st, 8.30.

Adeline Schuurmann.—Piano recital: Grotrian Hall, November 21st, 8.30.

Temianka.—Wigmore Hall, November 22nd, 8.15.

Sigrid Sundgren.—Piano recital: Grotrian Hall, November 22nd, 8.15.

Dorothy Silk and Keith Falkner: Æolian Hall, November 22nd, 8.30.

Gitta Gradova.—Piano recital; first appearance in England: Æolian Hall, November 23rd, 8.15.

Belgian Piano String Quartet: Wigmore Hall, November 23rd, 8.15.

The Daemon.—Anton Rubinstein's opera in concert form, with V. Aksarova, Parry Jones, Kenneth Ellis, Mary Jarred, Vaughan Welsh, Arsene Kirilloff, James Topping: Wigmore Hall, November 24th, 8.15.

Schnabel.—Fifth Mozart-Schubert-Schumann sonata recital: Queen's Hall, November 24th, 3.

Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin Sonata recital: Queen's Hall, November 26th, 8.15.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

Blue Train.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night, Tuesday.

Café Anglais.—Lulu Gould, from the Casino de Paris, at ten and midnight; Louis Simmonds and his band play: extension night, Friday.

Café de Paris.—The Yacht Club Boys are still in London, and are they popular? Jack Harris is here, and is he popular?: extension night, Wednesday.

Café de la Paix.—Dare Lea's band, and José Norman and his Cubans; Queenie Leonard and Cooper appear at midnight.

Carlton.—Special cabaret and dance band every Tuesday (extension); dancing other nights to Tapponier's band.

Dorchester.—"Les Girls" in the new autumn edition of Midnight Follies, plus some first-class turns, appear at midnight: extension night, Thursday.

Grosvenor House.—Another glittering company of girls—Félix Ferry's Monte Carlo Follies of 1934—are here: extension night, Thursday.

Silver Grill, Ashford Road, Maidstone.—A good place to dine on the Folkestone Road; really excellent food, including caviare and oysters and service.

Theatre Restaurant.—Small, but excellent; a good chef and a good cellar; Ricci, late of the Savoy and Claridge's, is in charge (opposite Tivoli).

Villa Rodet.—Food is the thing here, and specially Russian food. No music.

Ballrooms

Winter Rose Ball: Grosvenor House November 21st.

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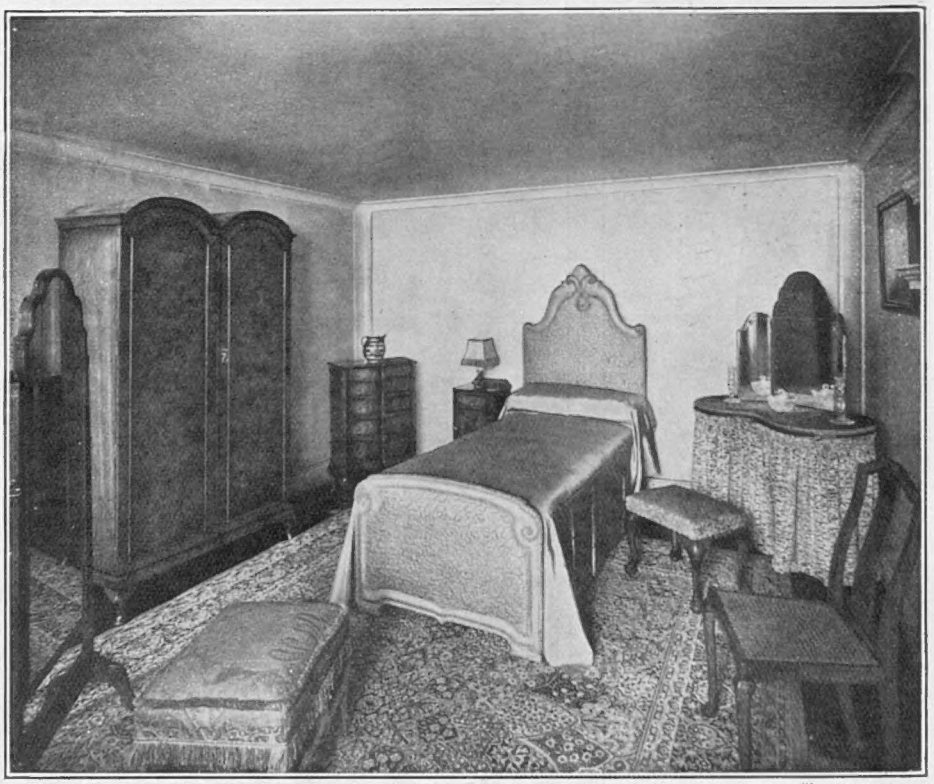

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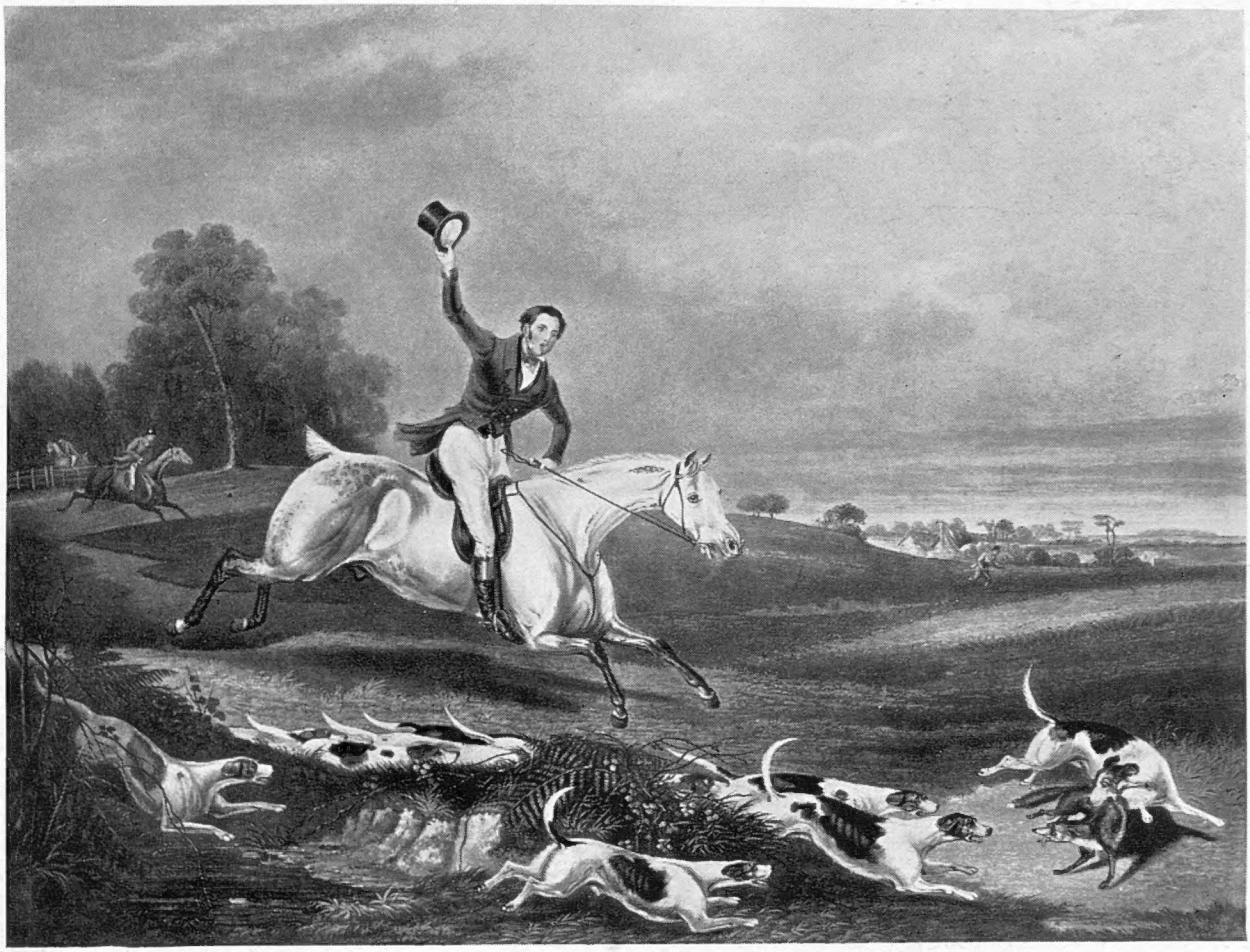

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